THE

NOVELLS

Michael OF Newton

Gio. Francesco Loredano,

A

NOBLEMAN

OF

VENICE.

Translated for diversion into English.

LONDON,

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BRITISH MUSEUM

GIO. BATTISTA FUSCONI

TO THE

READER.

THese Novels *being carelesly ſcattered up and down, I thought it my duty diligently to collect them into one Volume. Flowers bound up together in a Poſie do make a much better ſhew than when they lye ſtrowed abroad here and there. Accept, Courteous Reader, the Stories of a Writer that knows alſo how to compoſe Hiſtories. The Book would have been much bigger, if the Author, being imploy'd in more important Studies, had not refus'd to gratifie my Requeſt. May you live free from enthralling Paſſions, which is as much as to ſay happy.*

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE READER.

HAving pleas'd my ſelf, for ſome little time in tranſlating, I thought good to give others an hour or two's diverſion in reading of theſe Amorous Diſcourſes... If I have detracted any thing from the worth of my Author, by coming ſhort of the politeneſs of his Style; I have alſo added ſomething to his praiſe, by publiſhing his Work to thoſe that underſtand nothing of his Language. I beg your acceptance, and bid you farewel.

The

The Argument.

Aleria *a moſt beautiful Lady, being not in the leaſt moved by the many Courtſhips and Addreſſes of the Marqueſs* Arderico, *becomes inclined to love him, only for that he is highly commended by her Husband. His good word effects that which all the ſollicitations and ſervices of the other could not do. The Marqueſs on the contrary, being acquainted herewith, upon the very point of enjoying the fruits of his love, doth generouſly quit his pretenſion.*

NOVEL I.

AMong other the Ladies, in the famous City of *Vicenza*, which did raviſh both the eyes and hearts of all Men, the beauty of *Aleria* (of the Noble Houſe of the Counts of *Maloſi*) did ſo far exceed that of the reſt, that it left no room neither for detraction nor amendment. The faireſt faces gave

place to that aſpect which would have been thought Divine, if by her Courtly Carriage ſhe had not diſcovered ſome graceful Tracts of Humanity.

This Lady (who was Courted by thoſe alſo that deſpaired of obtaining her) yielding obedience only to thoſe affections which obliged her to prefer true merit, did conſent to be Married to the Count of *Sanca Croce*; a Gentlemen both for Birth and Vertue inferiour to none. He had no Quality that was not amiable, nor any thing in him that was not admirable. The Wedding was celebrated with that ſplendor which was befitting their Noble Eſtate. Thoſe who in the general Celebration did bury their particular conſolation, did not refrain from being preſent at this Solemnity, although in others rejoycing, they ſaw cauſe of mourning. Muſick and dancing, which have power to raviſh even thoſe hearts that are moſt deeply affected with Melancholy, could not aſſwage the grief of their minds, who, together with the beauty of *Aleria*, did loſe the hopes of their lives. Yet many, by their dextrous ingenuity, making a vertue of neceſſity, not being able to ſubdue their affection, did direct it to other Women. Others know-

knowing their eyes to have been the inſtruments of letting in love to their hearts, reſolved to deprive them of ſuch their complacency, by withdrawing them from their beloved object. They fled away from that Climate, wherein the Sun did not ſhine but in favour of others. Some following the rules of him that taught the Remedy of Love, ſet themſelves to ſpy faults in that Face which, being of heavenly beauty, could not be thought exempt from Clouds. Onely *Arderico* the Marqueſs of *Caſtel Novo*, raiſing his hopes above the impoſſibility of the Enterpriſe, found that the Solemnity of this day had made his love more ardent; whilſt others had thereby applied remedies to their paſſion. He, being as I believe, in an extaſie of grief, was aſſiſting to all the Offices of that day; imitating thoſe fooliſh Flies, which ſo they may enjoy the light of a Candle, do not care if they burn themſelves in its flame. He endur'd his torment with ſo much impatience, that the leaſt effect of his diſtracting amazement was the forgetting of himſelf. The Feaſt being over he found new fuel added to his fire. The abſenting himſelf did not extinguiſh, but foment his flames. Wretched *Arderico* felt his love

grow the hotter, for being farther from the refreshing beauties of *Aleria*. She, on the contrary, did give such pure demonstrations of her zealous affection to her Husband, that all hope, except that of *Arderico*'s, which was devoted to obstinacy, would have turn'd to despair. But he nevertheless, loving so much the more for his being less beloved, let slip no occasion of discovering to her his disease. His eyes were continually fixed upon her, he assaulted her with sighs, and ask'd pity of her by his looks; in sum, he waiting on her in all places, and courting her at all Balls, there fell out no accident which he did not signalize, either by some demonstration of obsequiousness, or testimony of his affection. Yet *Aleria*, either not believing, or not caring to be belov'd, never lookt upon him but with an indifferent eye. And although the rules of good manners did oblige her to yield to him in dancing, and to correspond with him in saluting; yet she did it without the least acknowledgment of his affection. *Arderico* having no other means to insinuate his love into the mind of *Aleria*, had recourse to his Pen; and with much ado, his tears intermixing with the Ink, and defacing his Writing, he formed this Letter. Fair

Fair Lady,

'I ſhould think I did deſerve the 'rigors of your diſdain for diſcovering my 'affection, if I did not know that every 'heart ſtands obliged to love things that 'are divine. The rays of your beauty have 'kindled ſo great a fire in my breaſt, that 'I ſhould believe the hiding it to be ra-'ther an effect of ſtupidity than of Vertue. '*Aleria* I love you, and if the ties of Love 'were ſo powerful as thoſe of Religion, I 'would ſay I adore you. But what my 'Pen conceals will be made manifeſt in my 'ſoul, if you pleaſe not to diſdain the ſer-'vices of

Your moſt humble Servant
Arderico.

Having ſealed the Letter, he bethought him of the beſt way how to convey it ſafe into the hands of *Aleria*. Her Servants, though gained by the exceſſes of his Liberality, yet durſt not attempt the affections of a Miſtriſs ſo chaſt, that ſhe gave not the leaſt motive for temptation. To make uſe of other perſons he thought it both ſcandalous & dangerous; wherefore he reſolv'd himſelf to be the Porter. He pitch'd upon a day when ſhe was at Church, perhaps

more adored than adoring. And coming as near to her as well he could, deceiving the ſuſpicion and obſervation of many, whilſt *Aleria* was intent upon her mental Devotions, he conveyed the Billet into her Prayer-Book, which by chance ſhe had laid behind her. There was not any one that perceived it. *Aleria* her ſelf, when ſhe took up her Book again, was not at firſt aware of it. She no ſooner ſaw it but ſhe was ſurpriz'd with a bluſh, being more angry with her ſelf for having given others an occaſion to tempt her, than diſpleaſed for having been tempted. This prudent Lady knew very well that ſhe could not be called chaſt, if ſhe did not reſiſt the allurements of Lovers. Whoſoever is chaſt meerly for neceſſity, I think her unworthy of that Character. *Aleria* having overcome thoſe confuſions which left the marks of Vermilion in her Cheeks, and ſtifled that curioſity which is ſo natural unto Women, when ſhe ſaw her time, tore the Letter into a thouſand pieces, as if that had been guilty of the faults of him that wrote it. *Arderico* feeling his own heart rent in the tearing of that Paper, did deſpair of finding, for the future, any means to certifie his love unto her. He was really confound-

ed

ed at her proceedings, who being beloved, did not only not accept thereof, but gave out ſigns that ſhe knew not of it. He, poor man, continued in his ſlavery, being ſo much the more unhappy, by how much the leſs proſpect he had of the hopes of any reward. It happen'd that *Aleria*, in company of her Husband went into the Country for to enjoy that ſeaſon of the Year which, bearing more fruits than any other, ſeemeth by its deliciouſneſs greatly to excite the appetites of Men. *Arderico*, who was the Eliotrope of this Sun, followed her, not without hopes that the retirements of the Country would afford him that which the divertiſements of the City had deny'd him; and then he preſum'd that he could more eaſily bribe the Country People, for that the minds of Men, the baſer they are, the ſooner they are corrupted. He was ſcarce come thither, but he began to ſurround the houſe of *Aleria*, with pretence of ſpreading Nets for Birds and hunting of Wild Beaſts, whilſt his heart was indeed entangled in the ſnares of Love, and continually tormented with the ſence of his Paſſion. One day, either accidentally or willingly, he enter'd her Palace, upon colour of looking for a Falcon that

was

was fled from off his Fist. The Count of S.*Croce*, *Aleria*'s Husband, receiv'd him with those demonstrations of kindness and civility which are usual among Gentlemen; and having commanded his Servants that they should follow the Hawk, he carried *Arderico* in to see his Wife. I know not how to express this encounter, which may better be conceived by imagination. Let it suffice that *Arderico* did blush, look pale, and was affected both with heat and cold at one and the same time. He was, by courteous invitation, constrained to tast of some fruits, whilst that his eyes feeding on their beloved beauties, all other Meats were distastful unto him. At length having recovered his Falcon, after many obliging Complements passed, he departed a more passionate Lover than when he came thither. He never had seen *Aleria* look more favourably, nor had ever received so much courtesie from her as at that time. *Aleria* on the other side, being very well satisfied with the good Behaviour of *Arderico*, ask'd her Husband what the name of that Gentleman was whom he had so kindly entertained. The Count smiled at this demand, and afterwards replied, Do not you know *Arderico* the Marques of *Castel Novo*?

Nova? Is it poſſible that you only ſhould be blind, and not ſee the Sun ſhine? Pardon me if it ſeem ſtrange that you ſhould not come to the knowledge of ſo Worthy a Man. I muſt needs think that your heart is perverted, or your ſoul degenerated when you have not had eyes to ſee the Worth of ſo conſpicuous a Gentleman. All perfections which are deſired in others, are fulfilled in him. By his unerring Prudence he cauſeth admiration, even in thoſe that hate him. With a free and diſintereſted Courage he always take part with that which is juſt. By the modeſty of his deportment he hath overcome all envy. In ſhort, he is inferiour to none in Arms, no one ſuperiour to him in Learning, and as to his Nobility he hath no equal. He hath all the advantages both of Mind and Fortune; neither is there any Lady ſo fair in *Vicenza*, that would not eſteem her ſelf very fortunate if ſhe were honoured but with one look from this Noble Gentleman. And pray do not you contrariwiſe, neglect the knowledge of others excellencies, if you would not have me think you to be of a poor and mean ſpirit. *Aleria* excuſed her ſelf very coldly, repenting within her ſelf that ſhe had ſo long ſlighted the

ſervice

ſervice of a Man, who for his ſingular good qualities did deſerve to be loved above all others. Shee, being fully ſatisfied with theſe Encomiums, grew ſo paſſionately in love with *Arderico*, that ſhe turn'd wholly Rebel to the Laws of Honeſty. That honeſty which could not be ſubdued by a continual obſequiouſneſs; which reſiſted the perſuaſions of Servants, the flatteries of Lovers, the aſſaults of Senſuality, and the powers of Love, was proſtituted to the candid Speech and betrayed by the tongue of him that ought to have guarded it. That heart that could not be overcome by the eyes, was vanquiſhed by the ears. Being therefore hurried by that vehemency which does uſually agitate the ſoul of a Lover, (the Count her Husband being gone to *Vicenza* about earneſt buſineſs) ſhe wrote a Letter in manner following, to the Marqueſs *Arderico*.

Sir,

'If the demonſtrations of your affection 'do not deceive the ardency of my deſires, 'I am reſolv'd to run the hazard of com- 'plying with your ſatisfaction. I blame 'my ſelf for taking up ſo precipitous a re- 'ſolution, but I deſire not to be innocent, when

'when by being faulty I become yours. 'I would ſay more, but Love being a 'Child knows not how to ſpeak. About 'three hours within night I will expect 'your coming to my Lodgings by way of 'the Garden-gate which you ſhall find on-'ly ſhut to. Let me receive a kind anſwer, 'who am Your moſt devoted Servant

Aleria.

She ſent this Letter by a Maiden who was obliged to Fidelity by her exceſſive Liberality. This Maid preſented it to *Arderico*, who, believing it to be a Dream, could not reſolve what anſwer to give; at laſt, taking Pen and Paper, he wrote as followeth:

Dear Aleria,

'I would thank you for that kindneſs 'which hath enriched my poor hopes, if 'divine favours did not oblige one rather 'to a ſilent acknowledgment, than to open 'thankfulneſs. I will come according to 'your appointment, about the third hour 'of the night, to ſacrifice my heart unto 'you. I ſhall gladly perform this duty by 'night, becauſe all things ſeeming great-'er in the night time, I may then perhaps

'ſeem

'seem better unto you than really I am: 'and then, in the dark, you cannot so ea- 'sily discern the nakedness of my deserts. 'In the mean time please to preserve me 'as I am, Your most obliged and affectio- 'nate Servant,

Arderico.

Having sent away the Letter he began to long for the night with such amorous dotages as are wont to tyrannize over Lovers. He let not one moment of the hour appointed slip, before he was at the Chamber of *Aleria*. Their complements and endearments are referred to the consideration of those who have been the subjects of the like entertainment. *Aleria* was already gotten into Bed, expecting to give vent in amorous embraces, to those passions which do torment the minds of Lovers. *Arderico* being abashed to see himself prevented, began to strip himself with all diligence. Whilst with an amorous impatience he was pulling off his Clothes, he askt *Aleria* the reason, why after so many slightings of the proofs of his affection, she had so suddenly condescended to his desires, at a time when he was assigning over all his pretensions unto despera-

deſperation. My Love, anſwered *Aleria*, the extraordinary Character of your Merit, ſo lively repreſented to me by my Husband, hath ſo entirely ſubdued my Spirit, that I did not believe I could live without you; and here ſhe repeated to him all that her Husband had ſaid. Well then, ſaid *Arderico*, had neither my love, nor my ſervice any power to win your heart, if the Voice of the Count your Husband, ſounding forth my praiſes, had not charmed your Soul? It is even ſo replied *Aleria*. God forbid, added *Arderico*, putting on his Clothes again, that I ſhould injure him, who by ſuch generous expreſſions of favour towards me, doth Violate the Chaſtity of the moſt noble Woman. Pardon me *Aleria*, I cannot ſerve you to the prejudice of his Honour who by his Encomiums ſo much advanceth the merit of my Quality. In ſaying ſo, he went haſtily out of doors, by this action teaching men the true Worth of Gentility; Husbands that they ought not to ſpeak too much in praiſe of other men to their Wives; and preſcribing unto Women, more eſpecialy to thoſe that are Married, not to run the hazard of ſetling their affections on a Man who may be changed every moment.

Argu-

The Argument.

Epidorus *a young man of* Florence, *falls unwarily in Love with a Masquerade that he did not know, and believing her to be a Noble Lady called* Leena, *he very earnestly sues for love unto her. Having obtained his Suit, whilst he thinks he enjoys her, he finds himself encircled within the Arms of a Chambermaid whom, in his own defence he is forced to Marry.*

NOVEL II.

THere came to *Venice*, for to recreate himself in time of *Carneval*, *Epidorus* a young *Florentine*, of a very mean Extraction, but who had, by the avarice of his Father, gotten to himself some sort of Reputation. This young Man, by the Death of his Progenitors, was possessed of so great an Estate, that it gave not only light to the obscurity of his Birth, but made him also ambitious of enjoying those pleasures which are oftentimes sought

ſought after by the greateſt Perſonages. There was no Feaſt, Play, nor Publick Revelling in *Venice*, unto which he would not go. One Evening at a Ball he found himſelf love-ſtricken by an imaginary beauty. The ſtately Gate and rich Attire of a Maſquerade did ſo bewitch his fancy, that he confeſſed himſelf her Lover before he could ſee her face. Neither did the career of his loving Dotages ſtop here: for, having warily followed her after ſhe went from the Ball, he ſaw her go into the Houſe of one of the chief Gentlemen of that City, who, among other temporal bleſſings, was happy in a very beautiful Wife. He imagining that this Maſquerade was *Leena*, for ſuch was the fair Ladies name of that Houſe, grew more and more in Love, and his Paſſion was confirmed when he ſaw *Leena* the next day, wear part of thoſe ornaments which he had obſerved on the Maſquerade. Taking therefore courage from the difficulty of the Enterpriſe, he reſolved to try all means poſſible. Fortune was not averſe in offering them unto him, whilſt that very Evening the ſame Maſquerade came again to the Ball. He, after having waited ſome time on her, ſeeing no little correſpondence

reſpondence in her eyes, the preſs of People leaving no room for obſervation, accoſted her after this faſhion. Madam, if my tongue were not afraid of committing a raſh offence, it would venture to diſcloſe the paſſion that I nouriſh in my breaſt, and would intercede for a love which is ſo much the greater, by how much the longer it is concealed. If you knew, ſaid ſhe, the perſon that is diſguiſed under this Habit, you would heartily repent your having given ſo much liberty to your tongue. I do not rely, anſwered *Epidorus*, upon outward appearances, but upon the knowledge of your ſingular merit which is matched to an excellent beauty. You, ſays the Maſquerade, ſo you get the name of a lover do not care if you are reputed a Lyar. Tell me, how can you judge of the beauty of my face, which you have not ſeen otherwiſe than Maſqued? One may very well, replied *Epidorus*, give judgment upon the brightneſs of the Sun, although it be ſhaded by a Cloud; and my wicked eyes have forcibly introduc'd the bright image of your beauty into my heart. Lady *Leena*, it is impoſſible to conceal your ſelf from the affection of a Lover who hath the eyes of *Argus*. To ſay that I adore you is the great-

greateſt teſtimony that my mouth can utter, but the leaſt ſentiment that my heart can expreſs. It lyes in you to make me happy. Great enterpriſes have great difficulties attending them. But Love, that can rob *Jove* himſelf of the power of his Thunder, can alſo make level even Mountains of impoſſibility. He would have gone on, if that the Maſquerade, with ſome ſhew of anger, had not interrupted his diſcourſe ſaying, When you ſpoke to me as to a perſon unknown, I did bear with your ignorance; but now ſeeing that you know me, and yet, with a preſumption greater than becomes you, dare ſtill to tempt me, I cannot but blame your inſolence. If I did not fear the prejudice arising to my honour from one ſo inferiour to my Quality, Repentance ſhould be the leaſt puniſhment of your raſhneſs. But whilſt ſhe was ſpeaking theſe words, her hands and her eyes did betray her tongue, and did aſſure *Epidorus*, by all the favours poſſible, that thoſe reſentments were the impulſes of honeſty; and not the effects of anger. And here the Ball broke up, whereupon it behoved *Epidorus* to retire accompanied with all thoſe inquietudes which do aſſault the youth and imprudence of a lover.

He

He expected the next night, which was the laſt of the *Carnevale*, with thoſe paſſionate deſires which are wont to attend an enamoured Soul. The Stars had ſcarce made any ſhew of the light they had borrowed from the Sun, when he went to the uſual Ball. A little after came the Maſquerade, very well known, although ſhe had us'd a great deal of cunning to conceal her ſelf from the curious eye of *Epidorus*. He taking her by the hand, endeavour'd to give credit to his affection with theſe words. Fair *Leena* you may, by your new diſguiſe very well impoſe upon the eyes of others, but not upon my heart which, with its unuſual palpitations and diffuſions of heat to all the parts of my body, doth not only know you, but adore you as a Goddeſs. I wiſh, that with your yeſterday Garments, you may have alſo laid aſide that haughtineſs of Spirit that made you ſo averſe to my Love. Know therefore that cruelty is an improper attribute for the divinity of your Beauty and that Beauty which is not communicable to others is directly oppoſite to the Decree of Heaven. If the Heavens ſhould enjoyn me to love you, anſwered the Maſquerade, why then perhaps neither the

Law

Laws of honeſty, the hazard of my life, nor the inconſtancy of Men, could bridle my affection. The beauty of your aſpect, added *Epidorus*, is a token ſent you from Heaven, that admoniſheth you not to be too ſparing of your favours, ſince that by enriching your form, it hath impoveriſhed all other the faireſt ideas imaginable. Let us not fly ſo high as Hyperboles, reply'd the Maſquerade. I, as I know my ſelf not to be ſo fair; ſo I would gladly be ſo, that I might better pleaſe him that will love me. But your cunning and my ſimplicity hath made me diſcover the ſecrets of my heart to a perſon, who perhaps laughing at my indiſcretion, doth go about to deceive my eaſie nature. It is not juſt that my reputation ſhould venture upon ſuch evident dangers. I have ſaid too much. If my face were to be ſeen, the bluſhes which grief and repentance have cauſed there, would give ſufficient teſtimony of the ſame. The bloud which my heart hath ſent up into my face, is the reproof of my ſoul, that threatens thoſe ſevere puniſhments, the thoughts only whereof do affright me. In ſaying ſo, ſhe retir'd among other the Maſquerades, leaving *Epidorus* oppreſs'd by a number of thoughts, from which

which he would not quickly have diſengaged himſelf, if Love, which commonly is not wanting to help the neceſſities of Lovers, had not ſuccour'd him. Taking therefore his Maſquerade again by the hand, he preſs'd her ſo hard, and promis'd her ſo much, that he obtained leave for a Conference with her the next night, (which was the firſt night in Lent) at a little Window that looked out into a By-ſtreet. With theſe pleaſing hopes he paſs'd away the remainder of that night, expecting the other with many railing expreſſions againſt the Stars, for that they ſtay'd ſo long before they came to celebrate the Funeral of the day. Scarce had the light given place to darkneſs when he was at the appointed window. Although he thought to have anticipated the hour, yet he found himſelf prevented, his beloved having attended his coming, and accuſing him of little love to her ſelf, becauſe he was not there before her. There paſſed many Complements between them, and their amorous conceits were without number. They diſcours'd of Conſtancy, Fidelity and Secreſie, as if they never could have had enough of it, inſomuch that the night, being weary of hearing them, ſeemed to invite

vite the day. And the day approaching they departed with promiſe to meet there as often as *Epidorus* ſhould ſee a little white Cloth hanging out at the VVindow. This was done two or three times a Week, and gave ſo great content to *Epidorus*, that, in compariſon thereof, all other Entertainments were but annoyances unto him. Yet not believing his happineſs to be compleat if he did not communicate it unto others, he yielded ſo much to indiſcretion, as to impart the ſecret of his amours unto many of his Confidents. He bragg'd that he had won the heart of *Leena*, which had driven the patience and affection of a Thouſand Lovers to deſpair. He boaſted to be the poſſeſſor of that beauty which had oblig'd even thoſe men who were addicted to love none but themſelves, unto adoration. Theſe Stories came to the ears of one who being either incredulous or envious, reſolved to watch the proceedings of *Epidorus*. He overheard him one Evening when he appointed to enter that night into the poſſeſſion of his Love. And not being able to comply with the felicity of one who was in no point ſuperiour to him, but in the gifts of Fortune; being excited by

envy, which always conſpires againſt the ſatisfaction of others, he let looſe the expreſſions of his Rage in a Letter which he ſent unto the Husband of *Leena*, who opening it read what followeth:

Cordelius,

'Not to diſcover traiterous actions, is 'to confeſs ones ſelf an Accomplice in 'them. I who, by the exceſs of your favours, and the obligations that ly upon 'me, am deſtinated to the protection of 'your honour, cannot be ſilent when I ſee 'it betray'd into the hands of diſhoneſty. 'The night in which thoſe infamies are 'acted that obſcure your reputation, hath 'not darkneſs enough to cover your diſgrace. My Zeal implores you to be an 'eye-witneſs, that you may confeſs *Leena* 'to be unchaſt, and me your real friend. 'The ſearching out of the truth hereof I 'refer to your diſcretion. I am ſorry to 'diſturb the repoſe of your ſoul with ſo 'unexpected an advice; but he is to be 'commended who by diſcovering a miſchief, doth give occaſion for applying 'the remedies thereunto.

Your faithful Friend.

This

This Letter rais'd an infinite number of thoughts, and all of them cruel in the mind of *Cordelius*. He thought upon nothing but Bloud, Death and Slaughters. Yet the love he bore *Leena* prevailing with him, and prudently weighing what might be the effects of Malice, he reſolved to believe nothing but his own eyes. He pretended very urgent affairs to go in all haſte into the Country, and departed not without the Tears of *Leena*, who lamented every moment of his abſence. *Cordelius* kept himſelf hid all the reſt of that day, and at night went to ſpy out the betrayers of his Honour. In the mean time *Leena* being fallen into a moſt ſweet ſleep, was awaked, not without diſturbance, by the calling of her Nurſe. She inform'd her that *Cordelius* was juſt then upon entring into the embraces of *Cinicia* her Chamber-maid, and that ſhe had told her of it, that ſhe might be no hindrance to it. *Leena* was apt enough to believe this, knowing the Genius of her Husband and the little honeſty of her Maid. So much the rather, for that ſhe had not been without ſome jealouſie before, and had made ſome complaint of it. She quickly put on her Cloathes, and not being willing that the

Nurſe ſhould follow her, that ſo ſhe might the more freely reprehend the incontinency of *Gordelius*, ſhe went towards her Maids Chamber. There ſhe found her Husband, who, with his Sword ready drawn in his hand, was running upon her for to kill her. He did not do it, either to let her firſt ſee the death of her Paramour; or elſe becauſe the Mercy of Heaven would not permit that her ſuſpected innocence ſhould have undeſerved puniſhment. *Leena*, although ſhe were full of anger, yet thought it more ſafe to uſe entreaties than reproofs. Throwing her ſelf at his feet, and intermixing her words with tears, ſhe ſaid, Sir, if the honeſt embraces of a Servant do pleaſe you better than thoſe of a VVife, I know not how to oppoſe your ſatisfaction. I proffer my ſelf to be the Procureſs of your pleaſures, if you will do me the honour to command me. But that in the loſs of my honour I ſhould ſee alſo the danger of my life, I cannot but lament the rigours of my Deſtiny that hath made me ſo unhappy. Is therefore the impudent diſhonelty of a Serving-Maid more powerful with you than the chaſt delights of a VVife, whoſe deſires are wholly ſubject to your beck? O that *Cordelius* ſhould

ſo

ſo much forget himſelf, and that the Heavens ſhould alter their influence for to torment me! Here *Cordelius* interrupted her, ſaying, Falſe VVoman, thy lies and tears would have perſuaded me ſomething, if my eyes had not been witneſſes of thy diſhoneſty. Prepare thy ſelf to die, for it is not reaſon that ſhe ſhould live, who hath murdered my Reputation. But firſt tell me where you hide that Raſcal that has had the impudence to violate my Bed. *Leena* not being able to endure theſe terms which toucht her to the very quick, replied, For to excuſe your amorous thefts by ſpecious pretences, you go about to accuſe my Chaſtity. This is not conſonant to your prudence and my affection. I am yours, and only yours, Malice it ſelf cannot find that I have prejudiced your honour, ſo much as in thought, much leſs in deed. I do appeal to your ſelf, at ſuch time as the inordinate deſire of enjoying a Servant-maid, or the diſpleaſure of being intercepted ſhall not have poſſeſſed your ſoul. *Cordelius*, being more highly incenſed hereat, with great fury ask'd her, what ſervant? or what amours ſhe ſpoke of? VVhereto *Leena* repeating to him all that the Nurſe had told her, and

he alſo hearing it confirm'd by her own mouth, ran preſently to the Maids Chamber, and there found her lovingly in Bed with *Epidorus*. He was ready to have made him a ſacrifice to his fury, had not he been diverted by the perſuaſions of his VVife. He was contented at laſt that *Epidorus* ſhould Marry *Cinicia*, who came to be a ſervant more through the injuries of Fortune, than by the qualities of her Deſcent. Hereunto *Epidorus* readily conſented, without reply, the fear of Death making him honeſt whether he would or no. After this *Cordelius* embraced *Leena*, and excuſed what he had done in ſenſe of Honour, for that he had heard *Epidorus* make a Call with a little whiſtle, and then ſaw him brought into the Houſe. Prudent *Leena* was well ſatisfied with theſe juſtifications, rejoycing that ſhe had eſcaped a danger which was ſo much the greater in that it was not foreſeen, and which, at one and the ſame time, did threaten both her Life and Reputation.

This may ſerve to advertiſe Husbands not to run headlong into the ſuſpicion of their VVives diſhoneſty; may teach VVives not to give too much liberty to their Maidens; and laſtly, may be an example to all

all thoſe that go about to debauch the VVives of other Men.

The Argument.

Lovanius *coming to a certain Houſe that was accidentally ſet on fire, is inflamed with the love of* Deadora, *who, proving not ungrateful, correſponds with him, and, to give her ſelf the better opportunity, ſhe wilingly condeſcends that her Husband, while ſhe enjoyeth her lover, ſhould embrace* Aleria *her Chamber-maid; ſhe falling in love with* Lovanius, *betrayeth her Miſtreſs, who tranſported by jealous fury, openeth the way to her own and others deſtruction.*

NOVEL III.

THere lived as a Student, in the famous Academy of *Bologna*, *Lovanius* Son to the Count of *Roccabruna*, a young Man who by his bodily perfection and affable demeanour, did tyrannize over the affections of all thoſe that had the fortune to

know him. He went one day a walking towards the Walls of the City, when he was ſtopt in the way by ſome voices, who crying out Fire, Fire, did pitifully call for aſſiſtance. Among other Women that, being deſperately affrighted at this accident, did exceedingly weep and wail, there was a Gentlewoman, who though the Roſes in her Complexion were turn'd into Lillies, yet was there left an appearance of a Garden full of Beauty. This Lady nevertheleſs, having a courage greater than the danger, was not at all daunted, though her being forſaken of all, and unable to remedy it her ſelf, made her a little fearful. *Lovanius* ſeeing no body move, the Neighbours being fled from their Houſes, and there being none but a company of poor Women, who, by their loud ſhreeking, did augment the terror and confuſion, he reſolv'd to go himſelf with his ſervants, and help to extinguiſh that fire which, having already gotten head, began with towring flames to ſoar aloft. Going therefore into the Palace where the fire was very furious, after having ſpoke to *Deadora* (for this was the Miſtreſs of the Houſe her name) that ſhe ſhould be of good chear, and put away

all

all her fears, he went, with his ſervants and ſome others that came to help, to the top of the Houſe. There he wrought ſo much with his hands, and commands, that the Fire in a little while, was loſt in a cloud of Smoak. He was ſcarce come down from the Roof of the Houſe when he was met by *Gelaſius* the Husband of that Lady who, hearing of the danger, came running home. Here paſſed many words between them, and all of them very courteous, *Gelaſius* was not wanting to offer unto him the Patronage of that houſe which he had made his own by preſerving it from being burnt. There came alſo *Deadora* to give him thanks in ſuch obliging manner, that *Lovanius* felt thoſe flames kindled in his heart which he had a little before extinguiſhed. He had look'd upon her before with ſentiments of pity whilſt ſhe, being oppreſſed by fear, could do nothing but weep and wail; the waning colour of her face having not had force enough to ſet his ſoul on fire: but now that her Courage had reſtor'd her wonted beauty, and that the brightneſs of her eyes was not clouded with tears, his pity was changed into love. Thus *Lovanius* dedicated his affection wholly to

this Beauty; which *Deadora* ſoon perceiv'd, and ſo much the ſooner, becauſe in his taking leave, he inſpir'd his very ſoul into her with a ſigh. Nevertheleſs ſhe pretended not to ſee it, either for to give greater credit unto her honeſty, or for that ſhe would not ſo ſoon entruſt her ſelf to the fidelity of any man. And although *Lovanius* continually waited on her both to Church and at Balls, yet he reap'd no other fruits of his labour than ſalutes and indifferent looks, which might rather be imputed unto common civility, than affectionate courteſie. The young Gentleman, not being able to reſiſt the violent torments of his ſoul, he gave vent to his paſſion by writing theſe words:

Madam,

'The flames that burnt your Houſe were 'deſtinated to torment my ſoul. I would 'have hid them, but that fire ſuppreſſed 'doth break forth with greater violence, 'and makes all ſuccours come too late. I 'would have quenched them, but that 'they being ſupernatural, my tears could 'do no more than make my grief the more 'ſenſible. I do therefore, Fair Lady, im-'plore that pity for extinguiſhing my ar-

'dors,

'dors, which I did heartily contribute 'without ſo much as expecting any en-'treaty from you. You have reaſon to 'have compaſſion of me, becauſe you have 'experienced the damage and dangers 'that do accompany fires. I hope that a 'Lady of your fair quality will not ma-'culate your fame with foul ingratitude. 'Help me, I pray you, if for nothing elſe, 'for that you may not loſe a ſervant who 'loves you as much as is poſſible for him, 'though not ſo much as you deſerve. The 'hopes of my life depend upon the ho-'nour of your anſwer; I eſteeming your 'favours to be the true aliment of my be-'ing.

Having folded up and ſealed this Letter, he beſought Fortune to give it a ſafe delivery. He thought in himſelf that the moſt reſolute means were alſo the moſt hazardous. To make uſe of Women for this purpoſe, were to ſtain the reputation of the Lady, and to provoke her to anger, while he ſhould gain her love. At length reſolving, by a raſh action, to overcome all the impediments that oppoſed his deſire, upon a certain day that *Deadora* was ſitting in the Church at Prayers, he neatly rolled

rolled up the Letter, and threw it into her bosom, so cleverly that no body perceived it. *Deadora* being surprized hereat, and seeing that to make a noise would but bring her into disgrace, she cunningly conceal'd the Letter, and return'd very much troubled in mind unto her House. As soon as she was alone her curiosity, and perhaps her love too, induced her to look upon that Paper. She had not read it over, before she gave her self up for vanquished. Those expressions were too powerful for the weakness of a Womans heart (which is apt to receive any impression) to resist. Her amorous desires thus tyrannizing over her, she found no other repose than inquietude. She summon'd all the faculties of her Soul to come to counsel with her, which after a debate did finally Vote for *Lovanius*. Whereupon, being compelled by that force which knoweth nothing of reason, and which works with greatest violence where it finds most resistance, she return'd him this answer.

Lovanius,

'If I did not think I should incur your 'disdain with declaring my self so easily 'overcome, I would frankly say that I 'love

'love you, and that I am yours. But be-
'cauſe I know the inconſtancy of Mens
'minds to be ſuch, as to ſet little value up-
'on what is gotten and enjoyed without
'much labour, I therefore beſeech you to
'abandon that enterprize which cannot
'take effect without endangering both my
'Life and Reputation. Yet I have a ſoul
'ſo full of gratitude that I cannot but ad-
'venture to give them ſatisfaction, who
'have ſo obligingly afforded me their ſuc-
'cour in time of need. I therefore reſt
'aſſured that ſo worthy a Gentleman who
'is endowed with all the graces of Na-
'ture and of Fortune, will not diſturb the
'repoſe of my faithful heart, nor torment
'the inclinations of a Woman that, in
'ſpight of her heart, confeſſes her ſelf to
'be yours. You did ſo courteouſly con-
'cern your ſelf in quenching the late fire
'which exercis'd its fury only on things in-
'ſenſible; that it is not juſt you ſhould
'now foment it in my ſoul, with danger
'of conſuming both my Life and Honour.
'If I could have ſhook off that Yoke
'which is ſo much the heavier for that it
'came rather by Deſtiny than by my good
'will, you ſhould not have been before-
'hand with me in Writing. Pardon me if I
'unde-

'undecently trample on the Laws of Matrimony, and the honesty becoming our 'Sex; since that Reason is the first thing 'whereof Love depriveth us. But I fear 'I have discovered my mind too much to 'one that perhaps will laugh at my simplicity.

This Letter, coming privately to the hands of *Lovanius*, fill'd him with so great joy that he was not able to contain himself. He knew very well that those expressions of *Deadora* were not feigned, seeing that those repulses were indeed invitations, and the doubts therein mentioned were no other than assurances of love. Hence he inferred that the affection of that Lady was greater than he could have imagined, and therefore, without sending any more Letters, he brought his business about so well, that he got the opportunity of speaking to her at a little Window, where they agreed upon the end of their amorous pretensions. *Gelasius*, the Husband of *Deadora*, was so addicted to all Women that, like a Cameleon that puts on all colours that come near him, he changed his love and desires with all objects. For to satisfie his greedy Lusts he

he made no distinction between Nobility and Beauty. He confess'd himself to be as soon caught by Silver Hairs as by Golden Locks. A Lady of Honour, and the most arrant Strumpet had a like power over him. That Beauty wherein the most critical malice could find no fault, had no greater triumph over his affection, than a face transformed by a thousand blemishes and imperfections. *Deadora* being acquainted with the Genius of her Husband, thought of this means to enjoy her lover. She knew that *Aleria* her Chambermaid had been sollicited by promises, gifts, and many times with threatnings to comply with him in his Amorous Debauches. *Aleria* being assaulted with many unchast thoughts, would easily have consented, had not she been with-held by the fear of her Mistress who, with *Argus*'s Eyes, did watch over the dissolute affections of *Gelasius*. *Deadora* therefore, willing to have the opportunity of being with her Lover, was content that *Aleria* in the mean while should entertain her Husband. Which succeeded happily oftentimes, the hot Season of the Year also concurring in favour of their loves. *Gelasius* and *Deadora* lay in two Chambers apart, so that *Lovanius* being

being brought into a Ground-room; whilſt that *Geſaſius* enjoyed *Aleria*, he kept company with *Deadora*; and *Aleria* in one and the ſame time did ſerve to guard her Miſtreſs, pleaſe her Maſter, and ſolace her ſelf. But becauſe amorous felicity is an *Ephemera* that is born and dies in one day, Fortune was reſolv'd to precipitate them with as much eaſe as ſhe had before exalted them. *Lovanius* was brought into the houſe, by *Aleria*, one evening a little ſooner than ordinary. She, having received him with a thouſand Careſſes, expreſſing the ardor that ſhe nouriſhed in her breaſt, told him that *Deadora*, having not quite ſupped, could not come yet awhile, but that, in the mean time, ſhe had commiſſion to entertain him. *Lovanius* thanked her very kindly, telling her, this was not the firſt obligation ſhe had laid upon him. *Aleria* had not patience to hear him any more, but, taking him by the hand, ſaid, Mr. *Lovanius*, there is no greater unhappineſs than to ſee another gather the fruit of ones own labour. I have done very much for to promote your love, and have gained nothing but fears and dangers. Is it poſſible, in gratitude at leaſt, if not for love, that I may not merit the favour of your

your kindneſs? Certainly I do not envy the happineſs of my Miſtreſs in poſſeſſing your whole Heart; I only bewail the miſery of my Fortune which hath put me in a condition to be deſpiſed, even by thoſe for whom I continually do ſervices. Having thus ſpoken ſhe kiſſed his Hand, which ſhe held preſſed between her own, with ſo much paſſion, that *Lovanius*, who at firſt laughed at her folly, being not able to reſiſt any longer, let himſelf be overcome by ſenſuality; ſo much the rather, becauſe the Features of *Aleria* were ſo excellent, that he rather would have been counted a fool, than a conſtant lover who ſhould have let ſlip the occaſion of enjoying her. *Lovanius* and *Aleria* were ingulfed in Amorous Pleaſures, when *Deadora*, thinking long e're ſhe was called, and perhaps not being without jealouſie (ſince true Lovers pay this intereſt for their pleaſure) having ſeen her Husband in bed, ſhe came ſoftly down into the ground Chamber. There having found her lover engaged in amorous action, being hurried by a precipitous rage, without remembring the dangers that were imminent to her Life and Honour, ſhe began furiouſly to lay about her both with her hands and tongue.

tongue. Traitors, ſaid ſhe, do you thus triumph over my diſgrace? are theſe the rewards of my confidence and fidelity? I'll handle you in ſuch manner, that by ſeeing you buried in my deſtruction, I will rejoice that my ruine ſhall not be infeſted either by your deriſion or laſciviouſneſs. Theſe words were accompanied with ſo many blows and bites, that fetched bloud in many places about *Aleria*. *Lovanius*, in this interim, throwing himſelf at her feet, entreated her with ſuch ſweet words as would have ſoftned the hardeſt ſtones. Sometimes he put her in mind of the danger their lives were in. Sometimes he excuſed his own errour, promiſing amendment. And other times he proteſted that his body had ſinned without the conſent of his ſoul. *Deadora* nevertheleſs, being deaf to theſe ſupplications and humiliations, continued her aſſaults both in words and deeds; when *Gelaſius*, with a look full of horrour and fierceneſs, came thither. He had waking long attended *Aleria's* coming, whereupon riſing for to look after her, he came where he heard, though not diſtinctly, the complaints of *Deadora*, the crys of *Aleria*, and the prayers of *Lovanius*. *Gelaſius* therefore

fore taking a Poniard in his Hand, ran in a rage whither the noiſe called him. He had no ſooner ſeen *Lovanius* embracing his Wifes knees, but he concluded him to be the enemy of her Chaſtity, and the reputation of his Houſe; wherefore, running furiouſly on him, he wounded him in ſuch manner in the head, that not being able to ſupport himſelf, he fell flat upon the ground, with the Agony of Death upon him, which alſo appeared more terrible unto him, becauſe he ſaw that his ſenſualities had prepared a grave, not only for himſelf, but alſo for *Deadora*. *Gelaſius* ſeeing *Lovanius* in a condition not to live long, much leſs to make any defence, turning about to his Wife, with a tone ſo terrible that would have ſtruck horrour into the ſtouteſt heart, he ſaid, Woman, thy offence is ſo heinous, that to let it go unpuniſhed would be an effect rather of weakneſs than of compaſſion. Yet, the characters of my former affection being ſtill imprinted in my mind, I will pardon thee, but on this condition, that ſeeing this Adulterer hath gotten thy heart, thou wilt, by the help of this weapon, tear it from his breaſt. *Deadora* taking the Dagger, with an undaunted courage, greater than

than is required in any Woman, ſaid unto him, Sir, the errors of love do deſerve ſome kind of pardon, becauſe they proceed rather from Fate, than out of choice. But I confeſs my ſelf unworthy of it, becauſe I could not regulate my diſſoluteneſs. She ſpoke theſe words, and then, making as if ſhe would have run the Dagger into *Lovanius*'s body, ſhe ſtabb'd her Husband to the heart, who ſcarce could ſay, Curſed Woman, doſt thou thus, in one moment rob me of my Honour and my Life? but loſing his Speech in a number of groans, in a manner threatning rather than yielding to death, he unhappily departed this life. *Deadora*, having performed this much more generous than juſt enterprize, ſhe ran to ſuck in the laſt breath of *Lovanius* who, ſtriving againſt the pangs of Death, ſpoke thus unto her. My dear *Deadora*, I now dye contented, in that I dye not unrevenged. Pardon me, I pray you, and let the chaſtiſement of an huuane errour terminate with him that hath committed it. For Gods ſake let not your anger diſturb my aſhes. But Oh me! this is the laſt minute of my life. Give me, O my Dear, your laſt kiſſes for a conſolation at this my departure. In ending theſe words

words he ended his days. *Deadora*, being oppreſſed with grief, ſtood immoveable as a Statue; and, after a Deluge of tears, ſhe cryed out ſaying, Stay a little O thou Soul of my moſt dear *Lovanius*. 'Tis not juſt that thou ſhouldſt go alone into the Shades. In ſaying ſo, ſhe gave her ſelf a Stab upon the Heart, and thereupon, in a moment, ſhe pow'red forth her Soul with her Bloud. *Aleria*, who in the repreſentation of theſe Tragedies had ſuffer'd the torments of a thouſand Deaths, flying from the ſight and interrogation of all thoſe whom the noiſe had drawn thither in great numbers, and hating at once both to ſee her ſelf and the light, retired unto the uppermoſt part of the Houſe. Thereby fitting a Cord, and therewith miſerably expiring, ſhe gave a worthy reward to her own immodeſty.

From hence it may be gathered, that the joys of all illegitimate love do terminate in ſorrows, and that unchaſt affection can have no other than an unhappy end.

The

The Argument.

The Counteſs of Caſtelnovo, *in a certain great exigency, ſends for aſſiſtance to the Marqueſs* Oliverio. *He being fervently enamoured of her, doth moſt readily comply with her deſires. The Counteſs having her want ſupplied, doth, by a neat contrivance, carried on by favour of the night, both ſave her own honour, and ſatisfie the diſcretion of the Marqueſs.*

NOVELL IV.

IN the City of *Alexandria*, ſituate in the Province of *Puglia*, upon the Confines of *Monferrat*, there was a moſt Noble Gentlewoman whom I will at preſent diſtinguiſh by no other name than that of the Counteſs. This Lady was graced with ſuch ſingular perfection of Beauty, that ſhe could not be beheld by Men without ardent love, nor by Women without great envy. The content which Lovers had in looking upon the moſt admirable

mirable features of her Face, did extort from them the loſs of their liberty. In ſhort, this glorious Sun did dazle the hearts no leſs than the eyes of the Spectators. He was rather deem'd a fool than wiſe, who could not be ſubject to ſuch ſweet Tyranny, and he was almoſt reputed a Sacrilegious Perſon who did not offer up his heart in Sacrifice to this idolized Beauty. This Treaſury of all the riches of Nature was, by right of Matrimony, in the poſſeſſion of the Count *de Caſtelnovo*, a Gentleman endued with all thoſe favours that either Fortune can diſpence, or Vertue can obtain: but, as it was thought, little loved by the Counteſs, becauſe he, for the moſt part, either ſojourning at the Courts of Princes, or exerciſing Commands in Armies, was more converſant in Martial Affairs than thoſe of *Venus*. This belief got ſo much ground in the hearts of many, as to give them hopes of ſubduing that Fortreſs which was guarded only by beauty that might eaſily be ſuborned with gifts, or vanquiſhed by the power of ſervices and addreſſes. But they ſaw themſelves greatly miſtaken, for they found ſuch reſiſtance in the Vertue and Chaſtity of this Lady, that ſome of them were conſtrained

ſtrained wholly to abandon the Enterprize, others to raiſe the Siege, and otherſome to expect thoſe opportunities which are the genuine products of time. Only the Marqueſs *Oliverio*, who was the moſt noble and richeſt among them, was not a jot moved on the retreat of the reſt. He proſecuted his aſſaults with ſo much the more Vigour, by how much the leſs hopes he had of Victory. The many denials, repulſes and diſdains he met with, were but ſo many winds that did rather enflame than extinguiſh the fire in his heart. And though he could not hope to make any further progreſs in the conqueſt of this Ladies Chaſtity, yet he made uſe of all thoſe means that might make him deſerve the character of a true lover, ſince he could not attain to that of being beloved. And ſo much the rather, for that having, by his liberality gotten the good will of all thoſe that ſerved her, the poor Gentlewoman had her ears continually filled with the praiſes of this Gentleman, ſince that all the Family were never weary in ſetting forth ſometimes his Valour, othertimes his Birth, now his Goodneſs, then his Riches, one while his handſomneſs, and other whiles the magnanimity

of

of ſo great a Perſon. And although theſe ſo often repeated commendations did encline her to admire ſuch rare qualities, yet they did not oblige her to any other love than what Vertue is wont to produce in a Noble Breaſt. But that which *Oliverio*, with all his Love-traps, could not do in a very long time, Fortune (as the poor Gentleman believed) did bring to paſs in a moment. The Counteſs had a Brother a Young Man and rich, and let that ſuffice to denote him inſolent. There was no Riot in the City wherein he was not either intereſſed or principal. The Night, which brings quiet and repoſe, even upon the inſatiable cruelty of Wild Beaſts, did make him reſtleſs, whilſt that, being accompanied by many like himſelf, he rambled up and down the City equally diſtributing his affronts to all; thoſe only being exempt from his inſolences who had the good luck not to meet him. But, puniſhment oftentimes attending wicked actions, while he would, one night, forcibly enter the Houſe of an Honourable Lady, and was already breaking open the Windows and Doors, he, with four of his Companions, were taken by the Watch, having neither time, nor courage to make

reſiſtance, ſince the ill Language where-with they had menaced this Lady had raiſed almoſt all the Neighborhood. As ſoon as his being made a Priſoner was publickly known, complaints came in ſo faſt againſt him, that he was in great danger of loſing his Life. The Counteſs, who loved him dearly, and could not endure to ſee him ſubjected to open chaſtiſement, having no ready money, pawned the greater part of her Jewels to Merchants for a Thouſand Duckets. With this Money ſhe prevail'd ſo much upon the Governour, that he, being dazled with the Splendor of her Gold, could not ſee Juſtice. So that the young man with his Companions made their eſcape by the conſent of this Governour who, being afraid that his Avarice might be diſcovered, was willing that the Priſoner by flying ſhould take off the ſtrength of the evidence which would have prov'd the Judge alſo to be guilty. The Counteſs had not long enjoyed the liberty of her Brother, but that a Letter came from her Husband which drave her to the vey brink of Deſperation. The Count commanded that, without the leaſt delay ſhe ſhould come to him to *Millan*, in her richeſt attire, for to wait upon

upon the Empreſs, who was expected every day to paſs that way. The poor Lady being oppreſſed by a multitude of thoughts, knew not what reſolution to take that might not be either diſhonourable or dangerous. To go to *Millan* without thoſe Ornaments which are befitting ſuch occaſions, would bring much prejudice upon the reputation of her Grandeur. And to diſcover to her Husband the releaſing of her Brother, ſhe could not do it without incurring his diſpleaſure, ſeeing that many important differences had hapned between them. After many thoughts that came in her Head, ſhe was forced to yield to neceſſity, and taking Pen, Ink and Paper, ſhe writ as followeth:

My Lord Oliverio,

'If I ſhould ſay I do not love you I 'ſhould certainly lye, ſince the confidence 'I have in you I cannot but acknowledge 'it to be the lawful iſſue of love. I love 'you *Oliverio*, and therefore, although it 'be a blemiſh to my Honour, I have re'courſe to your favour. I have great oc'caſion for a thouſand Duckets for to re'deem my Jewels, becauſe I muſt be at

'*Milan* at the arrival there of the Empreſs. 'If you can lend 'em me until my return, 'it will oblige my heart to a perpetual cor- 'reſpondence with you. But Gentlemen 'of your worth do act by Principles of 'Generoſity; and then what can be ex- 'pected from a heart tyed up to the good 'opinion of the World, and the Fidelity 'due to Matrimony? Yet I promiſe my 'ſelf that the greatneſs of your mind will 'not diſdain the ſervice of

Your moſt devoted *Counteſs*.

Having Sealed the Letter, ſhe gave it to a Lacquey, telling him it came from her Husband, and that he ſhould carry it to the Marqueſs, ſhe being unwilling to truſt to the ſilence or infidelity of any Servant. *Oliverio* had ſcarce run over the Letter, but he thought himſelf to be in a Dream. He could hardly give credit to his happineſs which was ſo much the greater, by how much the more it was unexpected. He had ſo great conſolation within himſelf, that he let drop ſome tears for joy. The firſt ſurprize, which putteth a Man beſide himſelf, being over, he retunred an anſwer in theſe following terms:

Madam,

Madam,

'I wish I had a thousand Souls, as well 'as I have a Thousand Duckets, for to 'sacrifice them all unto your Service. I 'am really to thank you for the honour 'you do me in asking so obligingly what 'you might have commanded as your 'own. But I am so much confounded 'with joy and obligation, that I cannot 'better express my self than by silence. 'Yet I rejoice within my self for that you 'have been pleas'd to soder my sincerity 'with Gold, and so much the more, be-'cause that your asking of outward Rich-'es makes me believe you will accept the 'inward treasures of my heart. I hope 'that these double Duckets will not argue 'me to be double-minded, and I shall 'esteem it my greatest honour to be own-'ed for

Your most humble and most
obliged Servant
The Marquess *Oliverio*.

He sent, without any delay, both the Letter and the Ducats to the Countess, who, redeeming her Jewels, went immediately to *Milan*, where she came in the very nick of time for to meet the Empress.

Here ſhe made ſo fair a ſhow, that the Empreſs declared her ſelf much honoured by thoſe who ſent ſo beautiful a perſon to meet her. The envy of the Ladies was converted into wonder; and it ſeemed as if Nature had robbed all other Women of their perfections, for to beſtow them wholly upon her. Th' Empreſs, having preſented her with a very fair Necklace, departed from *Milan*; and ſhe preſently returned to *Alexandria*, where *Oliverio* did attend her coming with thoſe impatiences that, like Furies, do continually torment the ſouls of Lovers. The Marqueſs would not be ſeen at this Solemnity in *Milan*, either becauſe he would not give occaſion of ſuſpicion to ſo many obſerving eyes; or elſe that he might avoid the obligation of waiting upon the Empreſs. The Counteſs was no ſooner returned but he ſent to congratulate her arrival, and to recommend himſelf unto her favour. She gave him to underſtand, the ſame evening, that a little after midnight he muſt come to a Window that looked out into a little by-Street. *Oliverio* went accordingly, and at the hour appointed, heard himſelf called by the Counteſs. I cannot expreſs the paſſion

of

of *Oliverio* upon this firſt encounter, he felt the extremities both of heat and cold at one and the ſame time. He did in ſuch manner confound her praiſes with his thanks, that he could ſcarce make himſelf intelligible. The Counteſs anſwered all he ſaid in words ſo affectionate and prudent that, at the ſame time, ſhe let him know both her affection and diſcretion. The Conference ended in this concluſion, that the next night he ſhould come in at the Garden-gate, but with expreſs proviſion that he ſhould have no light. To which the Marqueſs obligingly anſwered, that there needed no light where the Sun ſhin'd. He being departed, ſpent the reſt of that night in a thouſand love-frenzies. He no ſooner ſaw the Sun riſe, but he wiſht it ſet, and did exclaim oftentimes againſt the ſlowneſs of its courſe, becauſe it did not run ſo faſt as he deſired. He alſo blamed the Night which, ſtriving for Empire with the Day, did ſtay ſo long from exerciſing its Dominion in the Air. At length the wiſhed for hour came, whereupon he went haſtily unto the Garden, and finding the Door only ſhut to, he went directly to the Counteſſes Lodgings. She, who expected him, taking

him by the hand and ſaid, My friend, you muſt of neceſſity, ſacrifice this night unto ſilence, if ſo be that you have any reſpect either for my Reputation or my Life. My Women do lye ſo near my Chamber that the leaſt whiſper would be overheard by them. And then my love is not ſo baſe as to be entruſted to any ſervile ſoul; and the rather, becauſe great Enjoyments do not admit of ſpeaking. She gave him no time to make any anſwer, but brought him into the Chamber, and there told him in his ear that he ſhould undreſs and go to Bed, while ſhe would go and ſee if her Maids were aſleep. *Oliverio* was ſcarce lain down when there came into his Arms a Beauty, by ſo much the more perfect, by how much the leſs ſubject it was to the eyes. What they here did my Pen dares not publiſh, leſt I ſhould profane the Secrets of Love. Let it ſuffice to ſay that he, being raviſhed with the ſweetneſs of thoſe embraces, did bleſs the time wherein he had endured ſo many labours, ſorrows and torments, ſeeing all paſſed troubles did ſerve for no other end than to aggrandize his preſent content. But, leſt the Light ſhould diſcover their amorous Theft, *Oliverio* went away before day,

and

and being enjoyned not to uſe any words, he took his leave with a multitude of kiſſes. And then, retiring unto his own Houſe, he did, by ſleep and repoſe, recruit himſelf of his late labours, which yet were ſo pleaſing unto him, that he thought of nothing more than of repeating them. About Noon he roſe up when one of his Servants brought him a Thouſand Ducats with a Letter, which he having open'd, in great diſpleaſure, read what follows:

My Lord Oliverio,

'I return you the Money you ſo obli-
'gingly lent me, having made uſe there-
'of as long as my occaſions required. I
'do not do this for to take off the obliga-
'tion I have to your affection, but that I
'may not be wanting in what is my du-
'ty. And you may aſſure your ſelf, that
'your courteſie ſhall never be forgotten ſo
'long as I breath. Let this be eſteemed
'by you as an honour that you have
'brought under ſubjection a ſoul that ne-
'ver knew how to ſubmit to any one be-
'fore, and be pleas'd to accept for

Your very affectionate and
moſt obliged Servant
The *Counteſs*.

This Letter did ſo perplex the mind of the Marqueſs that he, believing it to be a cheat, did read it over and over many times. He knew not what to imagine, ſince that the ſweet kiſſes, and the moſt endearing embraces of the preceeding night ought not to have begotten ſuch general and cold expreſſions. After a great confuſion of troubled thoughts, he wrote thus in anſwer:

Fair Lady,

'They have reaſon that ſay, Money takes 'away a mans repoſe, your Ducats have 'put me into a mortal inquietude. You 'ought not, Madam, to have ſent me that 'which is your own, ſuppoſing that it had 'been mine. And if my demerits or hard 'Fortune would have it ſo; why did you 'not alſo ſend me back my heart, which 'I have conſecrated to your Beauties? It 'is a cruel ſort of Liberality for you to ſend 'me Gold, which is but a vile excrement 'of the Earth; and to keep back my ſoul 'which is the very eſſence of a Man. That 'I may the better expreſs my grief, 'pleaſe to take the trouble of coming to

'the

'the little Window at the ſame hour as 'before. In the mean time pray forget 'not

Your moſt humble and moſt obliged Servant
Oliverio.

Having ſent the Letter, and with great impatience expected the night, he went to the place appointed, where he found the Counteſs. After Salutation the Marqueſs fell upon expoſtulation for her having ſent the Money, which he did with ſo lively a reſentment, that if he ſhed no tears it was the effect of his grief which did not admit of evaporation both by the mouth, and by the eyes. And why, anſwer'd the Counteſs with a gentle ſmile, would you not have me reſtore to you your own? Becauſe, reply'd *Oliverio*, ſince I have receiv'd the honour of your favour, I have nothing that is not abſolutely yours. Pray do not ſo much embitter our paſſed ſweetneſſes. And what ſweetneſſes were theſe, I pray, ſaid the Counteſs? Is it poſſible, anſwer'd *Oliverio*, that the interpoſition of one only day ſhould ſo much eclipſe your memory, as to forget thoſe ſweet endearments that were both given and received? Is it poſſible

poſſible that thoſe ſprightly kiſſes, which every moment brought our very Souls unto the confines of our lips, ſhould have inſtill'd the Water of *Lethe* into your heart? I ſhall rather put my ſelf into Oblivion, than forget the pleaſure I receive by ſuch ſweet remembrances. The Counteſs interrupted him, ſaying, My Lord Marqueſs, I will undeceive you, it not being juſt that your Opinion ſhould arraign my Honeſty, which hitherto hath had no other ſtains than thoſe which it may have receiv'd from your deſire and belief. For to pleaſe you I put a trick upon you, thereby to anſwer, in ſome meaſure, both my own obligation and your affection. Your amorous actions of the laſt night were with my Chambermaid *Aleria*, my Birth, and the Honour of my Husband, not permitting me more. She is here at hand for to teſtifie unto you the truth hereof. *Oliverio* did not ſtay to hear any further but, being deviliſh mad went home to his houſe, deviſing a thouſand ways how to bring the Fame and Life of the Counteſs to deſtruction. Yet, conſulting afterward with reaſon, he admired the prudence of that Lady who, without any prejudice to her Honour, could faſten

faſten ſo fine a Jeſt upon her Lover, and changed his Senſuality into Friendſhip and Reſpect.

Here Ladies of Honour may be inſtructed how to defend themſelves in ſuch hard caſes without hazarding their Reputation; and Gentlemen may be warned not to attempt the Chaſtity of a prudent Lady, ſince they get nothing thereby but frauds and repulſes. It not being blameworthy to make uſe ſometimes of evaſions for to eſcape the tyranny of neceſſity.

The

The Argument.

The Count of Villa Franca, *being deceived by finding of a Letter doth believe his Wife to be an Adultereſs. And, whilſt he goes about to take her in the fact, he finds out new matter of ſuſpicion. He was near taking a very ſevere revenge upon her, when he is informed of her innocency, and given to underſtand that the errour did ariſe from a certain likeneſs of Characters.*

NOVEL V.

A Gentleman (who for that he is of High Birth, we will call him by the borrowed name of the Count *de Villa Franca*) for to avoid the heat of Summer, did retire, with his Wife, near to the *Euganean* Hills, to enjoy the Air of a little Mount whereupon, in ſpight of the Dog-days, there was a continual Spring. Here he paſſed away his time by ſpreading Nets for Birds, and ſetting traps for Beaſts. He robbed

robbed his Body of rest, and his eyes of sleep, for to sacrifice them to the hopes he had of prey. He always got up before Sun-rising, and it seemed that this New *Titon* did nothing more than make love to *Aurora*. One morning among the rest, while he was in search of some young Nightingals before they were well fledg'd, he followed his Game to the very outmost Confines of his Vineyard which, being very great, had no fence either of Walls or Hedges. And looking narrowly after those little Birds-nests who, by crying after the old one, did unwittingly betray themselves, he cast his eye upon a Letter that lay among a company of leaves, and did seem as if it were afraid of being discovered. He, taking it up and diligently observing the Seal, was on a sudden agitated with divers thoughts. Scarce had he opened it but that, seeing the Character and Subscription to be his Wifes, he grew Horn-mad. After a little pause, which was accompanied by those tumultuary passions that do assault a Soul that is govern'd both by honour and by love; he cursorily read over the Letter, which contain'd these expressions :

Friend,

Friend,

'She that loves cannot do all that she 'would. Fortune would not be account-'ed a Goddess, if she did not many times 'drive the patient sufferings of a lover 'into desperations. Pardon therefore that 'impotency, which hitherto hath been ac-'cidental, and not voluntary. She that 'is in love is always more unhappy than 'all others, because she coveteth more 'than others. This night only Fate grants 'me the favour of a consolation to my im-'patiences. They that have authority 'to watch over the motions of my affecti-'on shall be either absent or consenting. 'I, in an Habit different from that of my 'Sex will convey my self into your em-'braces. The love I bear you will not 'let you run the hazard of any danger, it 'being far from being possible. I earnest-'ly desire your answer without delay, to 'th' end that I may govern my self to your 'satisfaction, I being, both by election and 'obligation,

Your most humble Servant
Felicia.

These Characters did so deeply wound the Soul of the Count, that the least part of

of his fury was to threaten death. Doubt and uncertainty could get no place in his mind, who by the Subſcription, by the Seal, and by the Hand-Writing was too much aſſured of his Wifes inconſtancy. He made ſuch imprecations againſt Heaven, the Earth, and Himſelf with ſentiments ſo vigorous as would have mov'd impiety it ſelf unto compaſſion. At length, conſidering that diſſimulation was the beſt means to facilitate his revenge, he returned haſtily into his Lodgings, and there tranſcribing his Wifes Letter, and counterfeiting the hand, he Sealed it up and carried it back again to the place where he found it. Afterward, hiding himſelf at a convenient diſtance, as far as he could well ſee, he obſerved a Boy that came to take away that Letter; and a little after to bring thither another. He was deſirous to ſee it, and found it, without Seal or Subſcription, to ſpeak theſe words:

Fair Lady,

'Favours are then moſt to be priz'd, 'when they come leaſt expected. I would 'expreſs my thanks, if I could either im'part the Sentiments of my Soul unto my 'Pen, or could requite in any part, the 'honour

'honour that is intended me. I will wait 'upon you that I may not be wanting to 'your ſatisfaction. I have no greater te- 'ſtimony at preſent of my love than to 'let you know that I can and will obey 'you. The hours will ſeem ages unto me, 'and I ſhall haſten every moment with a 'wiſh that I may the ſooner ſee you. Fare- 'well my deareſt, my moſt beloved, and 'my faireſt one.

M. O.

The Count, being wholy poſſeſſed by rage and paſſion, and having his thoughts fixed on revenge, left the Letter in its place, and retired to his own Houſe. And although the wanneſs of his face, and the wildneſs of his looks did diſcover the trouble of his mind; yet, covering his grief with a feigned ſmile, he ſaid he muſt go away preſently for the City, although the day before he had not appointed to go till after Dinner. *Felicia* did not at all contradict him, but did rather give him ſome little buſineſs in charge, which might detain him there the day following. Theſe were all accidents that did aggravate his Suſpicion, and did turn all his patience into fury. The Count went to the City

attended

attended by the greateſt part of his Servants, and afterwards came back with one only, of whoſe fidelity and courage he had had moſt experience. He arrived at the Village by Starlight; and, ſetting up his Horſes privately in one of the Countrymen's Stables, he went to watch over the tranſactions at his own houſe. He had not ſtaid long before he heard the skreeking of a Door, and ſaw a Woman come out who, notwithſtanding the Garments ſhe had put on to diſguiſe her, was known by him. He thought her undoubtedly to be his Wife, but he would not ſhew himſelf until he firſt ſaw whither ſhe was deſigned. He followed her, for to find out his diſhonourer and by his death, to revive his own reputation. She went not far but that ſhe was met and received, with open arms, by one who expected her. And although the darkneſs of the night did ſecure them from the curioſity of the eye; yet the kiſſes and careſſes of love were ſo many and ſo endearing, that they would have diſcovered the amorous theft even to thoſe to whom jealouſie had not lent an hundred eyes and as many ears. Patience and Prudence had no longer any power over the Counts fury. He thought

it

it Stupidity and not Vertue to ſee others triumph in his diſhonour, and that even in his own preſence. Laying his hand therefore upon his Sword, with courage equal to his anger, he ſaid aloud, Traytors can you ſo ſecurely ſtain the honour of a Gentleman? The tone of this voice being very well known by the Woman, did ſo fearfully aſtoniſh her, that ſhe had like to have fallen into a ſwoon. But her feet being winged with fear made her run ſpeedily avvay, vvhich fruſtrated the blovv the Count was giving with his Sword for to take away her life. The Man, on the other ſide, being as well vers'd in Martial, as Venereal Affairs, he being alſo enraged to ſee the courſe of his pleaſures interrupted (the variety of human accidents perhaps not affording a greater provocation than this) betook himſelf to his Arms, with a courage not inferiour to the danger. And then he did ſo valiantly defend himſelf, and offend thoſe that ſet upon him, that although they were two, yet they could not hope for Victory without great hazard. The Fray did not laſt long, becauſe there came up ſix others in aſſiſtance to the lover; whereupon the Count (being forſaken by his

his Servant) was forced to retire. The danger of his life was ſo apparent that it would have been raſhneſs, and not Valour to have fought againſt ſo much odds. It was eaſie for him to retreat, ſeeing thoſe men had no other end than to defend themſelves, and were not willing, by the ſlaughter of a Man they knew not, to run themſelves into the hands of Juſtice. The Count went thence to his own houſe ſo perplexed in mind, that deſperation was the leaſt effect of his paſſion. He had an intention to have chaſtiſed his Wife who had made her eſcape from him, not without endangering his life, and without being able to diſcover the Murtherer of his Honour. The night, which for a few hours did caſt a Veil over his diſgraces, was about to uſher in the next day with ſo much the more ſhame, by how much he himſelf had partly been the author of it. To find out his Wife for to kill her was an hard matter, to find out her Lover for to revenge himſelf was perilous, and to cover his diſhonour was impoſſible. Theſe conſiderations made him turn many times back with thoughts of loſing his life. He went ſearching about to no purpoſe, finding nothing but darkneſs,

and

and receiving no other anſwer to his calls than that of Ecchoes. He ſaid within himſelf, Fortune, vvhy didſt thou exalt me ſo much in giving me the Prerogatives of Riches and Nobility, thus for to precipitate me into the abyſs of infamies which are the more grievous becauſe they are inſupportable? Perhaps you had no other means to exerciſe your fury upon me, than to wound my reputation, to blemiſh the honour of my houſe, and for ever to diſgrace my Poſterity. Whither, vvhither ſhall I go, to hide me from the ſcorn of thoſe vvho vvill triumph over my ſhame? I will fly from the City, I vvill fly all Converſation: I will fly the Sun, and I vviſh I could fly from my ſelf, that I might be far from remembring that which, to my greater torment, doth kill me in preſerving me alive. In ſaying ſo he came near to the Walls of his own Houſe, when he ſaw ſome body that ſeem'd to watch there as a Spy; and certainly believing that there were the betrayers of his Honour, with a paſſionate and angry tone, he called out, Shall not the very Walls of my Houſe be ſecured from the perfidiouſneſs of thoſe that have raviſhed my honour? After your violating

ing my Wife, will you alſo violate my Walls by prying into my Secrets? It will be a little Satisfaction to my great loſſes for to ſacrifice thy life unto my diſdain. With theſe words he ran upon that Man who, that he might not be killed, was forced to defend himſelf. The outcrys of the Aſſailant, and the aſſailed, did awake and raiſe up the People of the Houſe, who with Arms and Lights ran towards the noiſe. They came juſt in the nick, when the Count had his enemy under his feet, and was ready to take away his life. Seeing the light he ſtopp'd, for to ſee if he knew him, and found it was his Servant who, being fled from the firſt Quarrel, and yet fearful of his Maſters ſafety, return'd, with two Wounds, unto the Houſe. This ſight encreaſed the afflictions of the Count who, ſtanding like a Statue, knew not what to command, nor what to reſolve upon. Whilſt he was in this irreſolution he obſerved, not without amazement, that his Wife, in a white Sarſenet Veil, was coming down the Stairs. He aſſuredly thought that ſhe vvas returned vvith an intention to deceive him. Being hurried therefore by that fury vvhich vvas enflamed vvith the ſence of honour,

(vvhile

(vvhile *Felicia* vvith great anxiety, did ask him hovv he did) he ran tovvard her vvith the Point of a Dagger ready to ſtrike her to the heart. Whether it vvere the overhſtily deſire of revenge, or the Will of God that deſires not the fall of the innocent, the blovv, paſſing only through her Garment, vvent under her Arm vvithout doing any further harm. The Count vvould have repeated his Blovvs, if the Maidens had not interpoſed in defence of their Miſtreſs. *Felicia*, proſtrating her ſelf on the ground, as vvell as her tears vvould give leave, ſaid unto him. Sir, What fault hath made the innocency of her guilty vvho hath remorſe of Conſcience for nothing more than for idolizing you? In theſe fevv hours that you have been abſent, I have ſinned in nothing but in praying for your ſafety. Pray Sir, let not malignity nor ſuſpicion give in teſtimony againſt my integrity, vvithout firſt hearing vvhat I have to ſay. Do not loſe, Sir, by inconſiderate paſſion the love of her, vvho if ſhe do not love you as much as you deſerve, yet ſhe loves you as much as ſhe can tell hovv to love an amiable thing. The Count, as it vvere yielding to her perſuaſion, being unvvill-

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ing to admit of any farther impediment to his reſolutions, raiſed her up and went with her into a Chamber, diſmiſſing every one elſe. There, taking the Poniard again into his hand, he ſpoke to *Felicia*, lying again proſtrate at his Feet, in this manner, The colouring over of your perfidiouſneſs with a Lye cannot move me. You are guilty, and guilty of my diſhonour. Your accuſers are your own hands, and the Witneſſes are my own eyes. Your oppoſing the truth will be the encreaſing of your torment. Honour is a Goddeſs that cannot be appeas'd without a Sacrifice. Confeſs the violator of my Bed, and the Betrayer of your honeſty, otherwiſe this Weapon ſhall, by main force, extort the confeſſion from your mouth. My Lord, anſwered *Felicia*, if I were accuſed of any thing but diſhoneſty, I ſhould dare to ſpeak in my defence, but in the matter of Honour I know not what to ſay. Grief checks my tongue, and tears do choak my words; Wherefore I can only ſay that I deſire my Men, Maids, and my Accuſers themſelves may be examin'd upon that point. In theſe I place my defence, ſeeing that, from the time that you departed yeſterday, unto this very

hour, being oppreſſed with grief of heart which preſaged unto me your anger, I went neither out of my Chamber, nor out of my Bed. *Felicia* accompanied theſe words with ſo many tears, that if they could not perſwade him, yet at leaſt they did ſerve to mitigate his diſpleaſure. He called in the Maid-Servants, and perceived that one of them was wanting. The Count hereupon grew more jealous, believing that this was an Artifice of *Felicias*, and therefore drawing out the Letter, he ſaid unto her, if I ſhould believe this appearance of innocence, how wilt thou excuſe this Writing which convinceth thee of guiltineſs? Do not theſe black Characters point to thee the blackneſs of thy heart? Where will your boldneſs find pretences that can excuſe your diſhoneſty? *Felicia* took the Letter and obſerving it a little, cryed out, My Hand hath rebelled againſt my heart; as I cannot deny to have written it, ſo I cannot confeſs to have indicted it. O God my very eyes are deceived in believing that to be my act which is but only like mine. The Count's fury was hereat revived, when a Letter was preſented him from a Coſen of his which, becauſe it came by an expreſs, did require

require a ſpeedy anſwer. The Count, opening it, found it contained theſe words:

Dear Coſen,

'This very Night my Siſter *Felicia* went 'out of my Houſe in Mans Habit. Al- 'though I have no certainty of her deſign, 'yet I ſuſpect ſhe is gone aſide to the Mar- 'queſs *Odorico*. Pray let it be your care 'to ſearch out the truth, ſince your inti- 'macy with the Marqueſs will facilitate 'this buſineſs. I would have come my 'ſelf if my old indiſpoſition, receiving a 'new addition by this accident had not 'neceſſitated me to keep my Bed. It re- 'quires the more haſte, becauſe it is mat- 'ter of Honour.

The Count of *Caſtello.*

This Letter aſſwaged the fury of the Count, he being thereby aſſured of his Wifes honeſty, and the vanity of his own ſuſpicions, ſeeing the Letter was writ by her Coſen, and the likeneſs of Hands did ariſe from their having both learnt to write by one and the ſame Maſter. He

was the more ſenſible of his errour when he was aſcertain'd by all that *Felicia* had not been out of her Bed, and that the Maid-Servant was gone out to meet her Sweet-heart. And he was ſo much the more confirmed herein, becauſe the love that paſſed between his Coſin and the Marqueſs was very well known in thoſe parts. Perceiving therefore that the ſame Name, and the ſame Character were the cauſes of his miſtake, embracing his Wife, he begg'd her excuſe for having, for the ſake of his Honour, treated her with terms unworthy of her Affection and Fidelity.

This may be an example to thoſe that take the meer ſhadows of things for the very bodies themſelves; and may warn Husbands not to precipitate themſelves into thoſe reſolutions which carry with them the hazard of their Lives and good Names, ſeeing that Jealouſie is able to deceive both the Eyes, and other the Senſes.

It may alſo teach Wives to be vigilant over their Maidens, ſince their diſhoneſty doth often reflect upon the reputation of their Miſtreſſes.

The

The Argument.

Eudoſia *doth ſeverely cenſure and watch over the love-motions of her Daughter* Dercella. *And, finding a Love-Letter in her hand, is enamoured of her Lover, whom ſhe inviteth to ly with her, feigning her ſelf to be* Dercella. *But being deceived by another, ſhe giveth her Daughter the opportunity of enjoying her own, whereupon both of them are Married.*

NOVELL VI.

Eudoſia being the Daughter of the Count of *Vancaſtro*, was ſo rich in the Endowments of Mind, Body and Fortune, that ſhe ſcarce attained the Age of Thirteen, before ſhe had rais'd up pretenſions in many to aſpire to the poſſeſſion of her. And although the great Riches of her Father did move the Avarice of ſome Men to obtain her to Wife, yet the excellence of her Beauty did tyrannically preſide over the

affections of all: for ſhe, being favoured by all the Graces, was thought not inferiour to them in any thing, but their number. *Evander* the Nobleſt, but withall the Eldeſt of all her Sutors, had the happineſs to gain this Heavenly Beauty. The Fate of theſe *Aurora's* betrothing them moſt commonly unto *Titons*. This Match ſeemed ſtrange in the eyes of the World, *Evander* being deemed more fit for his Grave, than for the Nuptial Bed. He was in the Fifty Third Year of his Age; wherefore by the Wrinckles of his Brows and the greyneſs of his Hairs, they thought the union of ſo fair a Spring with rugged Winter, that bore no fruit but what was harſh and ſower, to be impracticable. *Eudoſia*, being very young and knowing no better, did eaſily comply with the embraces of an old Man, eſteeming the chiefeſt happineſs of her Marriage to conſiſt in the richneſs of her Cloths, the variety of Jewels, the abundance of Gold, the great number of Servants, and in the conſtant aſſiſtance of her Husband who, becoming jealous of her, did think her loſt, as oft as ſhe was out of his ſight. This continual attendance of *Evander* did obligehim to ſome employments that were greater than

than the ſtrength of his age could bear; whereupon the Nuptials were ſcarce ended, when his Funerals did begin. The death of *Evander* was accompanied with ſuch lively ſentiments of grief in his Wife, that weeping, wailing and ſighing were the leaſt arguments of her ſorrow. She would have been buried even alive with him, if the knowledge of her being with Child had not flatter'd her with the hopes of reviving him in bearing a Son. But her deſire was fruſtrated by the Birth of a Daughter who, even in her Cradle, did oblige her beholders to form excellent conceits of her Beauty. *Eudoſia* would not hearken, much leſs adhere to any more overtures of Marriage; ſhe believing that no man living could make her ſo happy as *Evander* had done. She voluntarily confined her ſelf to her Houſe attending to the education of her Daughter, but in ſo ſtrict a manner that ſhe was near Thirteen Years old, and could not boaſt either to have ſeen, or have been ſeen by any Men except thoſe that waited on her Mother. She went not abroad above two or three times a Year, and then ſo veiled and guarded, as if they feared the Air ſhould raviſh her. Her apartment ſcarce gave any admittance

mittance to the bright Eye of Heaven, much leſs to the Eyes of any mortal Men; and then the continual Guardianſhip of her Mother did not permit her to uſe any other divertiſement than ſome Childiſh Paſtimes. Fortune, who commonly intercedes for Lovers, brought it ſo about that *Eudoſia* and *Dercella* (for this was the Daughters name) were, by ſome great out-crys which did ſtir up their curioſity by being very violent, forcibly drawn to look out at the Window. They ſaw the life of their Neighbour *Aſſirdus* endangered by many Swords encompaſſing him, whilſt that he did defend himſelf with a Courage greater than his Years. The Youth and handſome Shape of *Aſſirdus* did quickly move *Eudoſia* to pity: whereupon, by commanding her Servants to bring him into the Houſe, ſhe deliver'd him out of the hands of thoſe Cut-throats who, having wounded him in the hand, and deeply in the Side, were very near to have murther'd him.

Aſſirdus, after ſome few Complements, accepted the invitation of going to Bed. Here, his Mother being called, he attended the recovery of his Health, the Chyrurgions not permitting him to go out of that houſe,

houſe, for fear that the Air and Motion might exaſperate his Wounds. *Dercella*, although ſhe never knew, nor ſo much as heard of the Name of Love, yet was ſo much ſurprized at the firſt ſight of *Aſſirdus* that ſhe fell in love before ſhe was aware of it. And not being able to withſtand the firſt ſhock, ſhe ſometimes liſtned to the diſcourſes of the Phylicians; ſometimes ſhe inquired how he did of the Servants, and at other times, though often reproved by her Mother, ſhe came into his Chamber making many excuſes for to ſee him. The night did more increaſe the troubles of her mind which, being agitated by confuſed thoughts, could take no reſt. And if ſometimes ſhe ſhut her eyes, being weary with watching, yet was ſhe preſently forced to open them again, for to avoid thoſe fantaſms that did torment her ſleeping, more than waking. *Dercella* continued for the ſpace of ſome days in theſe amorous frenzies, until ſuch time as *Aſſirdus*, being pretty well recovered, went away to his own Houſe. He had ſeveral times obſerved ſome glances proceeding from the eyes of that Maiden which were rather witneſſes of affection than of compaſſion: but, not being well

vers'd in Love-Affairs, he condemned all thoſe thoughts, as idle ſuſpicions, that might have perſwaded him to have been beloved. Yet being kindled by the ſparks of that Beauty which might make all boldneſs excuſable, he ſtaying at home for the perfect confirmation of his Health, was continually looking out at a Window that anſwered to *Dercellas* apartment. Here he was eaſily diſcovered by her who, being hurried by a thouſand impatient affections, did deſire nothing more than to ſee him. Having found a way to open a Window directly oppoſite to that of her Lover, and which her jealous Mother had on purpoſe kept ſhut: She had the opportunity of ſeeing him at her pleaſure, but not of ſpeaking to him, either becauſe of her own modeſty, or for fear of her Mothers jealouſie. He likewiſe, being ſtruck dumb by an exceſs of love, did, by the mediation of his eyes, perform all the offices of his tongue. At laſt, overcoming all difficulties, he breathed out his paſſions by writing in this manner:

Madam,

'The love that forcibly tyeth up my 'tongue with the ſame violence moveth 'now

'now my hand, and compels me to ex-
'emplifie the Vaſſallage of my heart, which
'is already contracted and confirmed to
'you by my eyes. Indeed force hath been
'very requiſite for to oblige me to make a
'declaration which, in regard of your ex-
'cellent merit, cannot be termed other-
'wiſe than raſh. Beauty which is the
'Ray of Divine Light, will not be ad-
'dreſſed in the vulgar terms of humanity.
'I know it very well, but can't tell how
'to help it. Accept, fair Lady, of theſe
'expreſſions which come from a ſoul that
'glories more in your dominion, than in
'its own proper being. Vouchſafe me
'an anſwer in favour of thoſe hopes which
'only are able to keep alive

Your moſt devoted and
obliged Servant
Aſſirdus.

He eaſily conveyed this Letter into the hands of *Dercella*; for, watching the occaſion of her looking out at Window, he gently darted it into her Boſom. This Virgin being as curious as loving, preſently took leave to read it. While her ſoul was raviſhed with the delight of theſe Characters, ſhe was not aware of her Mothers

thers ſeeing of her, who did every minute make the actions of her daughter ſubject both to her obſervation and cenſure. The firſt thing *Eudoſia* did was to tear the Letter out of her hand; loading her afterwards with ſo many reproaches and menaces, that ſighs and tears were the leaſt burthen of *Dercellas* affliction. But the loſs of that Paper, that ſeemed to prognoſticate the loſs of all her love and hopes, was that which moſt troubled her. *Eudoſia*, leaving her drowned in tears, went into another Room for to read the Letter, and to find out how ſhe came by it. And as ſoon as ſhe ſaw it came from *Aſſirdus*, ſhe felt a ſtrange commotion in her mind. His Youth and Beauty made way for her deſire to get him to her ſelf. She began to repent of having ſpent ſo many years without enjoyment. She thought all other pleaſures, except thoſe that proceed from Conjugal Love, to be but flaſhy. On the other ſide ſhe feared the cenſure of the World in retarding a reſolution for the ſpace of thirteen Years. She was afraid of the raſhneſs of her daughter; of the tender age of *Aſſirdus*, and did conſider that to Marry a ſecond time, after having ſo long mourned for her firſt Husband, would

would but expoſe her to the imputation of Fame for wilfully loſing her liberty. But our affections being moſtly governed by ſence, ſhe reſolved to venture the loſs of all rather than to loſe the love of *Aſſirdus*. Wherefore, taking a Pen in Hand, ſhe wrote, in her daughters name, as followeth:

Aſſirdus,

'She that yields at the firſt Onſet, doth 'greatly ſhew her own weakneſs, and can-'not eſcape the diſrepute of Cowardize. 'Nevertheleſs they that love well cannot 'at all diſſemble. Love is a fire which by how 'much the more it is ſuppreſſed, by ſo much 'the more it is enkindled. I do therefore 'hereby declare unto you, that I love you 'heartily, and if I had not been afraid of 'being denyed, I would have firſt ſued for 'your love. Therefore if you have a mind 'to enter with me into the lawful eſtate of 'Matrimony, I do expect you this Night 'at the Garden-door which you will find 'only ſhut to. Otherwiſe your affecti-'ons are illegitimate, and will be very far 'from any hopes of enjoying

Dercella.

This

This Letter being privately delivered into the hands of *Aſſirdus*, inſtead of rejoycing him, did ſtir up ſuch a confuſion in his thoughts that they robbed him of his quiet. Were it either the little experience he had in Love-affairs, or his ſeeing the poſſeſſion of that Beauty (which he ſo much the more prized, by how much the more difficulty he apprehended in obtaining it) ſo freely offered unto him, he confeſſed himſelf a penitent for having gone ſo far. Whilſt he was thus irreſolute and doubtful, the Count of *Bell'ombra*, a young Gentleman of High Birth, though of low Fortune, came to ſee him. At firſt ſight he diſcover'd ſome paſſion in *Aſſirdus*, whereupon he very earneſtly preſſed him to tell the occaſion. *Aſſirdus* being as eaſie to diſcover his diſturbances, as to be diſturbed, told this Count all the motives that troubled his mind, praying him, as a friend, to give him his beſt advice. The Count perceiving that this might be an occaſion of advancing his own condition, being willing to take her to himſelf that Fortune offered to another, perſuaded *Aſſirdus* not to venture upon the raſh invitation of a Girl more worthy to be ſlighted than beloved, ſeeing that

that ſhe did ſo eaſily proſtitute het ſelf to the pleaſure of a Lover. That the introducing of a preſuppoſed Husband by Night was a manifeſt token of her having entertained others. That he, not well foreſeeing the danger, might run the hazard of being trepann'd if, by following his ſenſual appetite, he ſhould accept of the invitation. To theſe he added ſo many other conſiderations, that being joyned to the averſion *Aſſirdus* had in himſelf, made him reſolve wholly to quit the enterprize, and ſo much the rather becauſe his Mother would very hardly have given him leave to go abroad. A little after the Count, upon pretence of ſome buſineſs, taking his leave, went at night to the Garden-Gate of *Eudoſia* who, believing him to be *Aſſirdus*, received him with open Arms; he alſo being no leſs deceived in ſuppoſing her to be *Dercella*, after ſome ſhort Complements in a very low voice, as fearful of being overheard, they retir'd, without any light, into a Ground-chamber where, upon a very rich Couch, they gave place to one anothers amorous embraces. In the mean time *Dercella*, believing her Mother to be immers'd in ſleep, and not in pleaſures, roſe out of her hated, becauſe reſt-

reſtleſs Bed, and went to the Window juſt in the nick when *Aſſirdus*, being no leſs diſquieted, came thither alſo. *Dercella* did ſend forth frequent ſighs, both for the injuries received of her Mother, aud becauſe ſo unlucky a beginning made her wiſh to ſee the end of her love. *Aſſirdus* perſuading himſelf that thoſe ſighs did ariſe from the default of his Correſpondence, enforcing himſelf, ſaid, Lady, I know not which to blame moſt either my bad fortune, or my little merit that make me unworthy to partake of the favours of Love. *Dercella*, believing that he did upbraid her not correſponding with him, replied, Love overcomes all difficulties, and if it acts unlike it ſelf in me, I muſt blame my Fate that makes me love without hope. There is no love without hope, anſwer'd he, ſeeing the latter is the very ſubſtance of the former. And what (ſaid he) would you have me hope, when all things conſpire to make me deſpair? Why then, replied he, is not reciprocal love ſufficient to give you true content? But who, added ſhe, can give me aſſurance hereof? ſince the promiſes and words of Lovers are commonly accounted but Wind. I, anſwer'd *Aſſirdus*, by dedicating my ſelf unto

to your ſervice. Theſe, ſaid *Dercella*, are words which are ſoon diſſolv'd into the ſame air whereof they are formed. I would give you the proof of them, replied he, if I thought you would not condemn my raſhneſs. And what would you do, ſaid ſhe? I would, with the help of a Plank, anſwered he, come over to your Chamber, there to conclude our Loves, and ſave my heart from the Rack of hopes and fears. Hereupon *Dercella* pauſed a little, as if ſhe were afraid either to refuſe, or receive this offer, and then ſaid ſhe I cannot ſo ſuddenly take any reſolution, upon a propoſal of ſo great a conſequence. He, who by the power of Love had caſt off all fear, and put on a courage which was augmented by ſeeing himſelf exceſſively beloved, replied, He that uſes overmuch circumſpection is not in love, which admits of no long conſultations, for that all delays, eſpecially in amorous affairs, are dangerous. Here is no *medium*, either you muſt give your aſſent, or confeſs you do not love me. *Dercella* anſwered, although I cannot expreſs the deſire I have to be yours; yet I will never conſent that you paſs out of your Window into mine, that I may not at once ſee both my Reputation

and

and your life endangered. *Affirdus*, looking upon these expressions to be rather consenting than dissenting, placing a Board on *Dercellas* Window, went over thereupon into her Chamber. Here after some slight reproofs and feigned repulses which served instead of so many invitations, *Dercella*, being overcome by his importunities, gave him leave to reap that pleasure which is most grateful to Lovers.

In this interim *Endosia* had given, in some part, satisfaction to the provocations of sense when, fearing that her actions might be discovered, she left the Count asleep, and went softly to visit all the corners of her House. At last she came to her Daughters Chamber just as the Lovers, by a murmuring prologue of kisses, were preparing to act a loving Comedy. It seemed strange that her Daughter, in so tender an age, should dare encounter the arms of a Lover. Yet, being perswaded that the errors of Love deserved compassion, and knowing her self to be guilty of the same fault, she resolved to dissemble that of others, for not to discover her own. However she had a mind to know her Daughters Sweet-heart, to see if the worthiness of her choice did make any amends for the

the boldneſs of her attempt. Scarce did ſhe caſt her Eye upon *Aſſirdus* but, believing him to be her own Lover, ſhe gave her ſelf wholly up to Fury like one poſſeſt with a Legion of Devils. She ſcratched her face, tore her hair, beat her breaſt, and did all things that might ſhew her rage, and expreſs her grief. Laſtly, with railing and reproachful language ſhe uttered her paſſion ſaying.

'Perfidious man! after having enjoyed 'the Mother art thou come alſo to betray 'the innocency of my Daughter? Why 'did Nature and Fortune make this wick-'ed Traytor ſo amiable? Are theſe the 'promiſes you made me but even now? 'Does this Treachery confirm your Fide-'lity? Oh Heavens! I ſhall believe you 'ſtand ſtill, and that your influences are 'blind, if you do not dart your Thunder-'bolts at this impious Villain.

Dercella hearing theſe words of her Mother, and thinking ſhe was impoſed upon by *Aſſirdus*, fell a weeping, and with ſuch lively expreſſions of grief, as would have ſoftned the hardeſt heart, ſhe ſaid,

'Why, O Cruel Man, haſt thou betray-'ed a poor, ſimple and innocent Girl? 'Why haſt thou deceived me by a piece of Treachery

'Treachery which is the more execrable,
'for having been hid under the Mask of
'Love? Where, where, O inhumane
'Wretch, haſt thou learnt ſuch unnatural
'Cruelty, that even ſavage Beaſts are not
'guilty of. Pray Mother pardon that
'raſhneſs which did not think, by its Sen-
'ſuality, of offending the Laws of Nature,
'nor the ſatisfaction of her that gave me
'my being.

She would have gone in if *Aſſirdus*, who hitherto had been as immoveable as a Stock, had not interrupted her, ſaying, *Dercella*, Whoſoever doubts of my Fidelity, may as well doubt of her own Senſibility. I do declare my ſelf yours, and offer my ſelf ready to confirm my declaration by a lawful Marriage, which ſhall be no longer in effecting than you are in conſenting. *Eudoſia* was much more enraged at theſe words, whereupon, redoubling her outcrys, ſhe furiouſly ran to ſatisfie her anger by the force of her hands. *Dercella*, love not permitting her to ſee *Aſſirdus* wronged without defending him, interpoſed for to pacifie her Mother; but ſhe, growing more and more outragious, was near upon ſome miſchievous reſolution, if the ſud-

den

den appearing of the Count had not ſtaid her and ſtruck her dumb. He had impatiently, for ſome time, waited the return of his beloved, but not ſeeing her come, he went out of the Chamber to ſeek her; not without fear that this her ſtaying might portend ſome diſaſter. As ſoon as he heard the out-crys his fears were increaſed, ſo that he came haſtily in where *Eudoſia*, by ſcratching and biting, was giving vent to her furious paſſion.

They were all amazed at this appearance, and the Count was much aſtoniſhed at the ſight of *Aſſirdus*; whereupon *Eudoſia* began to ask him how he got into the Houſe. To which the Count anſwered, by the invitation of *Dercella*. Thou lyeſt, ſaid ſhe; and except *Aſſirdus*, there's no man can brag of having my love. The lye, replied he, from a Girl, makes no matter; and the rather, becauſe this Writing doth declare you guilty. In ſaying ſo, he drew forth a Letter, and being about to read it, he was interrupted by *Aſſirdus*, who ſpake unto him, O unfaithful friend, this Letter belongs to me. It is true, added the Count, but you refuſing to come hither, I ſupplied your place, and have enjoyed her with a promiſe of Marriage.

riage. Then, answered *Affirdus*, shall *Dercella* have two Husbands? I also having enjoyed her by the same promise. *Endosia* now perceiving that, whilst she went about to deceive others, she her self was deceived and, being unwilling that the publication of this accident should be an occasion of Town-talk, spoke thus to the Count and to *Affirdus*. Sirs, if you will, as becomes Gentlemen, keep to your words of Marriage, I will see that you shall have the same persons that you have enjoyed. For my part, said the Count, I do think my self honoured in confirming what I promised. *Affirdus* said the same; yet were they both very much concerned, knowing that *Dercella* could be Wife but to one of them. The wonder ceased when *Endosia* discovered that she was the Author of this Letter, and had submitted to the Count, supposing him to be *Affirdus*. The Count, who had no greater end than to enrich himself: and therefore made no distinction between the Mother and the Daughter, shew'd himself well contented. And hereupon the Weddings were celebrated with extraordinary Mirth and Jollity: Giving to understand, that who so keep themselves within the bounds of honesty,

honeſty, may always expect a good end to be the conſequent of their juſt deſires.

The Argument.

Arſinda, *being left a Widdow, promiſes to marry the Count of* Rocca Battuta. *But, being cozened with a Letter counterfeited by the Marqueſs* Odorico, *ſhe refuſeth the former, and makes a Contract with the latter. At length, the fraud being diſcovered by one of her Maidens, ſhe will not have the Marqueſs, but haſteth away to celebrate the Counts Funeral whom ſhe believed to be dead. Yet finding him alive, and being followed by the Marqueſs, they all come to an untimely end.*

NOVEL VII.

ARſinda, who in the City of *Lisbon* was Miſtreſs of all thoſe Prerogatives rhat do make an accompliſht Woman, having been two years marry'd, was left to bewail the fatal cutting of that Knot which ſhe wiſhed

wiſhed might never have been looſned. But although ſhe did, with admirable expreſſions of ſorrow, honour the exequies of her Husband, yet it was not long before ſhe repented the ſacrificing of ſo many tears to thoſe unhappy aſhes, and perſwaded her ſelf that they were but vain kind of demonſtrations which, being derided of all thoſe that obſerved them, did hurt to the living, and no good to the dead. Hearkning therefore to the incitements of ſenſe, and the propoſals of her Relations who invited her to marry again, ſhe tyed her heart, no leſs than her word to *Daletes* the Count of *Rocca Battuta*. And although Women do many times err in their choice, yet ſhe was eſteemed the more prudent and vertuous for chuſing a Gentleman that was ſo excellently well qualified.

The Nuptials were concluded on by the authority of thoſe that had moſt power over them, and *Arſinda*, making uſe of that liberty which is uſual with Widdows, did one day privately introduce the Count into her Garden, there to expreſs that content which ſhe now began inwardly to enjoy. At this meeting there was no demonſtration either of love

or respect wanting. The Count did declare how much he was honoured in being preferred before others: and *Arsinda* extolled his merit which had constrained her to make him sole owner of her heart. While they were thus contending with these affectionate declarations, there came in a Page who delivered a Letter into the hands of *Arsinda*. She, not so much as looking upon the Seal, with a loving confidence, gave it to the Count. He, receiving it very courteously, opened it, and saw that, without any subscription, it said thus,

Fair Lady,

'Your excuses are more courtly, than 'necessary, and I am more fit to receive, 'than to deserve your favours. I know 'that experience doth assure me of your 'affection, but my heart, being jealous 'even of its own desires, doth sigh to see 'this day, which not only denys me, but 'communicates unto another those beau'ties which are (not mine, though I am) 'permitted to enjoy them. I should be 'afraid that the just title of the Crown 'would condemn my possession as tyran'nical (I being but a paramour) if the

'power of the Will did not ſurpaſs that 'of the Law. Do not, O fair one, in 'company of your Spouſe, loſe the memo-'ry of your Gallant, who is more deſerv-'ing of your love, becauſe leſs deſiring to 'impoſe upon you the ties of Matrimony, 'and whoſe ambition is not to be your 'companion, but your ſervant.

The Count made an end of reading this Letter with many ſigns of impatience, which brought ſuch a confuſion of diſdainful thoughts into *Arſindas* mind that ſhe became ſpeechleſs. The bloud flush-ed into her face, not to ſhew any guiltineſs, but that it might not ſuffocate her heart which, by a greater palpitation than ordinary, did ſhew the reſentments due to the raſhneſs of that Paper. The Count, taking this ſilence for a confeſſion of her fault, with an odious, becauſe feigned ſmile that began and ended in the ſame minute, ſaid unto her, *Madam*, Your promiſe of Marriage to me was needleſs, ſince (for ought I underſtand) Gallants are more pleaſing to you than Husbands. Theſe words making *Arſinda* to reflect more upon her own innocency, than upon the Counts jealouſie, ſhe did not ſuffer him to

ſay

ſay any more but, with a no leſs free, than ſcornful behaviour, after many ſharp reproofs, ſhe even told him he himſelf was the Author of that Letter. And, without taking leave, ſhe retired into her Chamber, leaving the mind of the Count cruelly tormented between Love and Jealouſie. The Count therefore ſuppoſing that the expreſſions of *Arſinda* were the more feigned, for being ſo vehement, and not being able to induce in himſelf a belief of her innocency, he let himſelf fall into the hands of deſperation; his anger being arrived at that pitch that he could no longer endure her either as a Miſtreſs, or an enemy. Without mentioning therefore to any body the madneſs of his reſolution, he took Horſe and departed from the City, hating all thoſe things which might reduce to his memory the infidelity of her, whom he was forc'd to adore, though he thought her inconſtant. Being carried on more ſwiftly by the rage of deſpair, than by the Speed of his Horſe, the night approaching, he was conſtrained to take ſhelter in an Inn. Here, with no leſs hatred to himſelf, than to the converſation of others, neglecting to beſpeak any Supper, he ſhut himſelf into a Cham-

ber alone, with an intent there to give vent to, rather than allay the fierceneſs of his paſſion. Being alone he abandoned himſelf up to ſorrow, to th'end that, by by the Streams of his eyes, he might, in ſome meaſure disburthen the overflowing oppreſſion of his heart. At length, being weary of Solemnizing, with a Deluge of tears, the Funeral of his hopes, he thought of raiſing himſelf from miſery, by humbling himſelf before that Idol, whoſe diſpleaſure brought more terrour to his ſoul than any other ſort of chaſtiſement. So, taking Pen in hand he wrote as follows:

Fair Lady,

'The heart is not ſubject to the faul-
'trings of the tongue; and repentance is
'the amendment of errors. In confidence
'whereof my deſires are flatter'd with the
'hopes of finding you to day as compaſſi-
'onate, as yeſterday I found you cruel. I
'beſeech you therefore, O Fair One, to
'bury in oblivion the extravagant ex-
'curſions of a poor ſoul that did doat up-
'on the raviſhing delights of your con-
'verſe; and be pleas'd to re-eſtabliſh me
'in your affection, which will be the more

'dear

'dear unto me, becauſe I having moſt juſt-
'ly loſt it, you may the more graciouſly
'reſtore it unto me. Altho I could excuſe
'my fault, yet I do freely confeſs it for to
'give the greater merit to your pardon,
'whereof my raſhneſs had made me un-
'worthy. Upon this ſovereign act of your
'benignity doth depend the life of

Your moſt devoted and
obliged Servant
Rocca Battuta.

Recommending this Letter to the Hoſt both for its delivery, and for an anſwer, he returned to his former affliction, thinking what effects his Writing might produce. Whilſt, by tormenting thoughts, he felt the Tyranny both of hope and fear, he heard a mournful noiſe made by ſome ſorrowful perſon. Being a little comforted by theſe doleful tones, and applying others unhappineſs as a Plaiſter to his own Wounds, he drew near to a Partition of Boards that divided the Room. There he heard one ſpeak ſome words indiſtinctly, which did blame Love and Fortune as the authors of his oppreſſion. It now ſeemed that his paſſion was alleviated by the mixture of another's misfortune, when

a little after there came into the Chamber, whence theſe ſorrowful complaints did proceed, a Man crying out, Victory, my Lord Marqueſs *Odorico*, Victory. By my ingenuity *Rocca Battuta* is wholly batter'd down, and you to morrow ſhall take poſſeſſion of *Arſinda*, theſe Nuptials ſtaying for nothing but your arrival in the City. The Marqueſs who, by exceeding patience, had repelled his grief, could not reſiſt the aſſaults of theſe joyful tydings. He cryed out like a Mad-man in conceits expreſſive of his great content. Why then (ſaid he) ſhall *Arſinda* be mine? Is it poſſible that I ſhall be the *Primum Mobile* of that amorous Heaven which ſent forth nothing but lightnings to ſet fire on my faithful affection? O Fortune! I will offer Sacrifices to thy honour. O God of Love I thank thee. And if heretofore I have raſhly offended the ſovereignty of thy power, I do now repent me of it, ſince that *Arſinda* is to be mine. The Count being out of all patience, and not conſidering that theſe accidents might carry him to ſome precipice, with a loud voice he made himſelf to be heard in theſe terms. Traitors, your Treachery is diſcover'd and, if Heaven doth not favour injuſtice, or if my

my Sword hath not loſt its edge, ſhall be puniſhed. In uttering theſe words he ran furiouſly into the Hall with his Sword naked in his hand, while the Marqueſs with equal fury came to meet him. Here they began a duel with all the rage that hatred and jealouſie could infuſe into them. The Count, with a few blows, would have worſted the Marqueſs, if two Souldiers of his had not interpoſed in his defence. The Fight being ſo unequal, the Count was neceſſitated to take his life as a gift from them, although his generous mind ſcorn'd to ask it, and his paſſionate heart abhorred to receive it. Being deeply wounded in two places he was, by the Inn-keeper, recommended to the Chyrurgeons; whilſt he, diſdaining to live without his beloved, and hating to ſee her in the poſſeſſion of his enemy, thought there was no more proper remedy for his grief, than deſpair. The anguiſh of his wounds was much exaſperated by the anſwer of *Arſinda* which, coming from a Lady that generouſly inſiſted upon her honour, did bring nothing but the expreſſions of an alienated affection, and implacable averſion. Her Letter ſpake in this manner:

Sir,

'He that has the heart to injure a Lady 'of honour, may alſo have the courage to 'endure her reſentments. Thus much I 'thought good to intimate unto you, more 'for the ſake of good manners, than for 'your deſerts. I am ſorry I cannot adjuſt 'the deſires of my heart to the weakneſs 'of my Sex, thereby to chaſtiſe the ex-'curſions of a tongue no leſs raſh, than in-'famous. Do not abuſe my patience by 'any more Letters; for, if you do, reſt aſ-'ſured that they, being burnt into aſhes, 'will the longer preſerve the moſt juſt diſ-'dain of

Arſinda.

This Letter, being indiſcreetly given into the hands of the Count at a time when, being very ill of his late hurts and a Feaver that attended them, but much more languiſhing under the oppreſſion of his mind, it cauſed ſuch a deſperate alteration in him, that his attendants thought him to be upon the point of Death. He did often aggravate his malady by lamentable exclamations which no man could hear without commiſeration.

Whilſt

Whilſt he was ſtrugling with the agonies of death being given over both by Chyrurgions and Phyſicians, the Marqueſs was enjoying the Viſits and Congratulations of his Friends and Acquaintance. With theſe he boaſted of his powerful ingenuity in fraudulently and cunningly ſubduing a Womans heart, which commonly (he ſaid) was termed the very ſeat of Artifice and Deceit. Hereupon he was requeſted to trace the ſucceſs of his amours from the beginning. To this he moſt readily aſſented in ſaying thus,

'Sirs, I do willingly repeat the tranſa-'ctions of my love, becauſe the remem-'brance of them ſeems ſweet unto me. I 'did, a good while ſince, ſet my whole 'affection upon *Arſinda*, but very unſuc-'ceſsfully, becauſe Women do not ſo much 'correſpond with their Lovers, as with 'the capricious humor of their own Ge-'nius. They love not him that deſerveth 'beſt, but him that complieth beſt with 'their imperfections; ſo that it is e'en 'become a Proverbial Saying, *That the 'choice of Women ordinarily falls upon the 'worſt.* In ſhort I was rejected, and '*Rocca Battuta* was the man pitcht upon 'for a Husband, with that reſentment

'which may better be imagined than de-
'ſcribed. Seeing the merits of my Birth
'and Love excluded, I had recourſe unto
'Stratagems that are no leſs neceſſary in
'Love, than in Arms. Thus I got the
'Victory; for *Rocca Battuta*, being cheat-
'ed by my counterfeit Letter, quitted the
'Field, and left me alone to triumph.

Theſe words were overheard by a Maiden to whom *Arſinda* confided all her ſecrets, who by chance came then to the Marqueſs his houſe for to complement him from her Miſtreſs. The Damſel would not ſtay to hearken any more, knowing very well that *Arſinda* had condeſcended to this Marriage more in obedience to the impulſes of anger, than in compliance to the inclinations of her heart. She therefore ſpeedily ran away to *Arſinda*, to whom ſhe imparted what ſhe had heard from the Marqueſs *Odorico*'s own mouth. Here I am at a ſtand, for to expreſs the commotions of *Arſinda*'s mind. She grew pale, dumb, wept, and did all things incident to a ſoul overwhelmed with paſſion and grief. She had condemn'd her ſelf to marry the Marqueſs, only to revenge the injuries of the Count, and for fear that what

what had passed betwixt him and her might hinder her Fortunes; for she always had a great aversion to the Marquess for that he was not only ill-favoured, but also ill-natur'd. And now, that she knew him to be treacherous, her hatred was grown to that height, that she could not endure to hear his Name, much less to see him. Preferring therefore satisfaction before all other interest, she took Pen and Ink and wrote thus:

Sir,

'To deceive the deceiver is no deceit. 'For this reason I recant all those pro-'mises I made to be yours. I never thought 'of being stolen away, nor shall your treach-'ery triumph over my simplicity. Yet you 'may believe that my eyes do, by showr-'ing down tears, strive to clear up the 'cloudiness of my soul, which would ra-'ther (if possible) lose its being, than 'ever consent to the tying of a knot that 'was contrived by fraud, and not by love. 'Do not provoke me by any new guiles, 'lest you turn my patience into fury. Per-'haps you may be caught in your own 'gins, and may feel what effects the most

'just

'juſt reſentment of a Woman unjuſtly off-'ended can produce.

Arſinda.

Having ſent this Letter to the Marqueſs, ſhe began to revolve in her mind the ſatisfactions due to the Count, when one of her Maids preſented her a Letter, ſaying that it was brought by a Page to the Count, who, being upon his departure out of this World, could neither make an end of it, nor ſeal it. She took it with great eagerneſs, and ſaw that the Contents were as follow:

Madam,

'I make uſe of another hand becauſe 'my own is not able to govern a Pen. 'Excuſe me *Arſinda*, it proceeding from 'weakneſs, and not from want of reſpect 'in me. I dye, and dye unhappily in 'that I am deprived of your gracious fa-'vour. If my aſhes could obtain the leaſt 'affectionate pity, I believe it would con-'vert thoſe horrors that are preached up 'to be moſt terrible, into happineſs. Par-'don him, O fair Lady, who can never 'offend you more, and who did offend 'you more to obey the exceſs of his love,

'than

'than to bring any prejudice to your ho-
'nour. But my Speech failing me makes
'me uncapable of pleading any farther in
'my own defence. I dye *Arſinda*, and I
'dye for you; having nothing more to
'add to theſe characters but my ſighs for
'to ſoften the heart of *Arſinda*.

Arſinda had ſcarce run over the Letter but, letting it fall from her hands, ſhe alſo, not being able to reſiſt the violence of a grief that ſo ſenſibly ſtruck to her heart, fell into a Swoon. Being brought to life again by ſome remedies that her Maidens applied, ſhe thus began to bemoan her ſelf:

'O God! is it poſſible that I ſhould
'not ſink under the weight of inſuppor-
'table ſorrow? How can my ſoul, tor-
'mented by ſuch fierce paſſions, do other-
'wiſe than abandon me? Thoſe torments
'are but ſlight that do not kill. And yet
'my grief, which is upon the very brink
'of deſperation, is not able to take away
'my life. Couldſt thou my beloved *Da-*
'*letes*, poiſoned by my unjuſt diſdain, dye?
'and cannot I, at the doleful news of thy
'death, and the craft of a Traitor, leave
'off to live? There is not a more precious

'thing

thing in the World than a faithful man, 'and I have loſt him before I knew him. 'But to what purpoſe do I aggravate my 'ſorrows, by uſurping thoſe tears that are 'moſt juſtly due to his Hearſe. Yes, yes, 'I am reſolved at leaſt to pay my laſt office 'to the greatneſs of his Merits, and my 'obligations; and they that ſee the dolo-'rous effects of it ſhall not condemn me. 'Away with all delay. Let's go to ho-'nour him dying, whom we deſpiſed 'living.

Therefore calling for her Coach, ſhe went, with all the ſpeed imaginable, along with him that brought the Letter, unto the Inn where the Count was lodged: as if ſhe were reſolved to join her ſelf to him in the Grave, ſince that Fortune had denied her a more deſirable union. As ſoon as ſhe was alighted from her Coach, ſhe was preſently conducted (without asking any queſtion) into the Counts Chamber. He lay there ready to give up the Ghoſt, deprived of his Senſes, and raving with his tongue. Now he accuſed *Arſinda* as unfaithful and ungrateful; then he condemned himſelf, asking her pardon, as if ſhe had been preſent. No ſooner had *Arſinda* heard him ſpeak but, whether

ther ſurpriſed more by wonder or by horror I know not, ſhe ſwooned away, neither her Maiden nor the Counts ſervant being able to ſupport her. The Count on the other ſide, believing *Arſinda* to be a falſe appearance, or elſe the effect of his intenſe deſire and fervent imagination, made no end of weeping and wailing.

But afterwards, being aſſured that it was *Arſinda* no more angry nor yet wedded to the Marqueſs, his heart was tranſported with ſo much unexpected joy that, without coming any more to himſelf, he breathed out his laſt. This happened in the Arms of *Arſinda*, whoſe Deſtiny had recalled her to life, to reſerve her for a more miſerable death. I want words to expreſs her paſſion. The tearing of her hair, ſcratching of her face, and beating of her breaſt were the weakeſt proofs ſhe gave of her ſorrow. She oftentimes ſought for a Knife to kill her ſelf, but was prevented by thoſe that ſtood by her. In this interim came into the Chamber the Marqueſs *Odorico* who, having notice of her departure, had followed her with an intention to carry her away by force and raviſh her. Scarce did *Arſinda* ſet her eye upon him, but ſhe cryed out,

Be-

Behold, O wicked man, the triumph of thy perfidiouſneſs. *Odorico*, taking her in his Arms, did endeavour forcibly to remove her from thoſe unhappy objects that did ſo much diſquiet her. But *Arſinda*, being imboldned by a deſperate reſolution, ſnatched away a Weapon that hung by the Marqueſs his ſide, did give him ſo hearty and fatal a ſtab, that ſhe at once eaſed him both of his love and life. At the ſame time, taking alſo revenge on her ſelf, with a deep wound ſhe opened her own breaſt, making a large paſſage for that ſoul to eſcape thence which was not able to reſiſt the violence of paſſion.

To ſuch unhappy ends do they come who do not bridle their immoderate affections, nor hearken to reaſon, but, being led away by ſenſuality, do wholly give themſelves up to its complacency.

The

The Argument.

Giacintha *being, in a Dream, enamoured with* Don Pietro de Ponzes, *obliges him to undeceive his Coſen* Leonora *who intended him for her Husband. Whereupon* Leonora, *in deſpair, kills her ſelf; having firſt given the Father of* Giacincintha *to underſtand the loving intreagues of his Daughter; which makes* Don Garzia, *with his Son* Ardelius, *to purſue* Don Piedro *who, being forced to kill* Ardelius, *flyes into* Flanders. Giaccintha *believing* Don Pietro *to be dead enters into a Nunnery; but ſeeing her Father and her Husband both killed by one anothers Sword, ſhe ſuddenly dyeth with grief.*

NOVEL VIII.

Giacintha was born at *Baeza* a City in *Andaluſia*, having Riches and Nobility well matched to her ſingular Beauty. She was not out of the Cradle when her Mother was laid in the Grave, who

who left a great Eſtate to be divided betwixt her and her only Brother named *Ardelius*. Scarce had ſhe attained the age of Fifteen (when many pretenders began to ſue either for her Riches, Beauties, or both) when one night in a Dream, ſhe really lamented the imaginary loſs of her life. She fancied that ſhe ſaw, walking in a very pleaſant Grove, a Man of a more hanſom Garb and Stature than ever ſhe had ſeen before. His face was partly muffled up in his Cloak which, being finely embroidered, did make him look more brave and gallant. *Giacintha* feeling her ſelf toucht with curioſity, had a mind to ſee if his face did correſpond with the other parts of his body, which at firſt ſight, did ſeem to make a moſt admirable compoſure. With a baſhful boldneſs ſhe therefore pulled away that part of his Cloak which he had thrown over his face; but on the contrary it ſeemed that this Man, as a chaſtiſement of her raſhneſs, did, with a Dagger, ſtrike her ſo ſenſibly through the heart, that the pain thereof making her cry out aloud, waked all her ſervants, who preſently ran to her ſuccor, and to free her from thoſe frightful dreams. *Giacintha* was no ſooner delivered

vered from this repreſentation of danger, but ſhe was poſſeſt with a real affliction of mind, wherein the *idea* of this perſon had made ſuch a deep impreſſion, that no time could poſſibly obliterate it. She deſired to encounter with a Man that had thoſe noble and amiable Features, and did let her ſelf be ſo far tranſported by the ſtrength of imagination, that ſhe was in love before ſhe knew with whom. Her flames were increaſed becauſe, not knowing the cauſe of them, ſhe could not make the effect to ceaſe. Theſe perplexing thoughts did ſo much diſturb her repoſe that, deſpairing to obtain the love of a Chimera, ſhe was near upon loſing both her health and life. And, in bewailing her ſelf from time to time, ſhe ſpake thus,

'Where is it poſſible to find a more 'miſerable and unhappy wretch than my 'ſelf? I love a Dream, and am ready to 'run mad after a meer fantaſme. I adore 'a ſhadow, and therefore do excuſe the 'folly of *Pigmaleon*; and do pity thy 'dotages O *Xerxes*: Thou lovedſt a Plane-'Tree, and the other fell in love with a 'Statue; yet theſe were bodily ſubſtances 'that might be both ſeen and felt. If they 'had no return of love, yet had they poſſ-

'eſſion

'ession of the things beloved. These 'monstrous loves gave some satisfaction 'to the senses of seeing and touching. 'But my ravings are founded upon an 'impossibility, and have nothing in them 'more than vain fancy. Shame and con-'fusion will be the product of my loves 'which will either not be believed by the 'World, or else will be stiled mad and 'foolish. Certainly there is no greater 'unhappiness than to adore what cannot 'be seen, and what depends meerly upon 'nocturnal illusions. The original of my 'love springs only from fond imagination, 'neither hath it any other being than a 'phantome; wherefore I lament and tor-'ment my self, and I know not for what, 'nor for whom; I fear that which is not, 'and I hope for that which is impossible.

With these passionate exhalations *Gi-acintha* did continually perplex her self, when one day, standing in a Balcony, she saw a *Cavalier*, in a travelling Habit, going into the next Palace, adjoyning to hers. She, being intense upon her thoughts, could not easily be diverted by any kind of curiosity; yet letting her eye fall upon the brave Equipage, gallant Train, and goodly Presence of that Gentleman, she knew him

him to be the ſame that had wounded her in a dream, and that with abſolute tyranny did rule over all the faculties of her ſoul. This was *Don Pietro di Ponzes* a Young Man who, although he had not compleated the fourth luſtre of his Age, yet had with reputation worthily exerciſed all Military Offices, and was returned home to enjoy the honour of them at Court, and to ſee his Father who, being very old, was afraid of dying before he could embrace him. He neither knew, nor was he known by *Giacintha* (though his Siſter *Iſabella* was her great Acquaintance) for when *Don Pietro* went for *Flanders* ſhe was but a little Girl. The God of Love brought it ſo about that this young couple did ſacrifice their whole affections unto the Shrine of his Divinity. *Giacintha* was with *Iſabella* to congratulate the ſafe return of her Brother, who was preſent at this Complement, which made it not difficult for her, by glancing words and eyes, to declare the paſſion of her heart. In brief there paſſed not many days but, by the mediation of *Iſabella*, theſe two Lovers were contracted with a mutual promiſe of Matrimony. But Fortune for the moſt part envying the happi-

neſs

neſs of Lovers order'd the matter ſo that a Coſen of *Don Piedro*'s, called *Leonora*, who was more than handſom, and extreamly rich, fell grievouſly in love with him. *Don Piedro* perceived it but, his heart being otherwiſe engaged, made as if he ſaw it not, and that with ſo much caution that *Leonora* was ready to deſpair. At laſt, ſeeing her ſelf deſpiſed, or at leaſtwiſe not well accepted of, ſhe took to her Bed, leaving the Phyſicians little hopes of her recovery, the wounds of her heart proving to be incurable. The Mother of *Leonora* having the experience of many years, did eaſily know that her Daughters ſickneſs proceeded from love. She therefore by the help of one of her Maidens, penetrating into the certainty and original of it, applied her whole endeavours to find out the remedy. She ſends for *Don Piedro* and, in words bedewed with tears and ſighs, ſhe offers him her Daughter, telling him punctually the occaſion of her indiſpoſition. She urged her entreaties by letting him know that he could not meet with a more rich or a more honourable Match. The Laws of good breeding compelled *Don Piedro* to make a courteous anſwer. And, hoping that the time

time requiſite for treating and getting the conſent of her friends, might adminiſter ſome cure to this Malady, he remitted the concluſion to the ſole will of his Father, to whom, as his duty was, he entirely referred himſelf. After this he went in to ſee his Coſen, which filled her full of hopes that do eaſily take place in the breaſts of young Virgins. *Leonora* in the mean time, taking courage from the words (tho they were not binding) and continued viſits from *Don Piedro*, in a very ſhort time recovered her former health. *Giacintha* on the other ſide, wanting many of his Viſits, did moſt miſerably afflict her ſelf, and frequently inculpate the Loyalty of *Don Pietro*. He, not being able to endure her reſentments, thought of weakning her jealouſie by diſcovering the whole truth unto her. Hereupon *Giacintha* being in a great rage, with a furious tone ſaid unto him. 'Never ſpeak 'to me, nor preſume to ſee me more, if 'you do not make your Kinſwoman 'know that you are my Spouſe, and can-'not be hers. Neither my Heart, nor 'my Honour will ſuffer any Rival. In ſaying ſo ſhe made a motion to be gone, but was ſtopt by *Don Piedro* who, with horrible

horrible imprecations asserted his own constancy, and promised, the next day to undeceive his Cosen. *Giacintha* being willing to lay a further obligation upon *Don Piedro* for the performance of his promises, made her self sure to him by an Oath. *Don Piedro* in these delightsome amours having lost all that circumspection that before made him cautious, went to see his Cosen who, having wholly chased away her disease, was only attending the perfect consummation of her recovery. He was received in the most affectionate manner that a loving soul could put in practice. But the appearing of some trouble in his looks gave occasion to *Leonora* to ask him the cause of it. After a little slight denial *Don Piedro* said, It is not justice Madam, that I should betray your good affection, and falsify my own promises. My behaviour hath hitherto been rather feigned, than candid. I had a mind to recover you, but I cannot satisfie you. Bear with my Fortune that hath obliged me to another. I have pass'd my word, and am contracted to *Giacintha*, nor can I disengage my self without losing my life. 'Tis enough answered *Leonora*, yet had you better have letten me dye than

to revive in me the tyranny of passion. Patience, the heart that cannot bend may break. Having said this, she went out of the Chamber and retired into a Closet, where she let loose the reins of her anger which thus dictated unto her;

Sir,

'The injuries that are done to honour 'do call for revenge even from those that 'have no interest therein. For this rea-'son I counsel you to look well to the 'guard of your House whose Honour is 'endangered by *Don Pietro de Ponzes*. If, 'blinded by destiny, you should think this 'to be a Forgery, your own eyes, when cir-'cumspect, will give you testimony of the 'truth hereof.

She sealed the Letter without subscribing it, and sent it by a Footman belonging to the Father of *Giacintha*. This done she returned into her Closet for to write another, while *Don Pietro*, being doubtful what resolutions an incensed Woman might take, made haste away. Afterwards *Leonora* went out of the Closet to her Mother, begging her Blessing for that she was afraid she should never see her more.

Her Mother chid her, saying. *O Daughter, do not use these hateful expressions to me, unless you intend to shorten my days.* *Leonora* with tears in her eyes left her Mother. She had not gone far but, sending forth a deep sigh, she fell down dead. All the House ran to her succour and, believing her to be only in a Swoon, they applied all things proper to bring her to her self again. All their endeavours were in vain, and the Doctor being come knew her to be dead indeed. In stripping off her Cloths there fell from her Bosom a Letter which, being directed to her Mother, spake thus:

Dear Mother,

'I my self have undertaken to chastise 'the intemperance of my sensual appe-'tite, by taking Poison to expel my im-'moderate affection. I thought Death 'would be more pleasing to me, than to 'see my Cosen in the Arms of another 'Woman. I beseech you pardon the dis-'pleasure which this my resolution shall 'have given you, by judging it necessary 'to terminate the disquiet of my heart. '*Adieu*, dearest Mother, *adieu.*

Your unfortunate
Leonora.

This

This unhappy accident occaſioned great diſturbance in the minds of her Mother and Kindred, and ſome there were, unacquainted with her Love-affair, that did ſo far err in their judgment, as to impute this her ſudden death unto her great riches. *Giacintha* knowing her ſelf to be unwillingly guilty of this Woman-ſlaughter, had a mind to have ſome affectionate diſcourſe about it with *Don Pietro*. Whereupon ſhe ſends privately to tell him, that ſhe deſired to ſee him that very night. *Don Pietro* went accordingly and was, as at other times, conducted into a low Chamber, by a ſervant, who afterwards ſtood as Sentinel at the Door. *Giacintha* was ſcarce come into the room, when *Don Garzia*, who by the Letter that did tax his honour was made very vigilant, was at the apartment of his Daughter. But not finding her there, he went on to that of his Son, where they both armed themſelves for to revenge the affront done unto their Reputation. They could not do this ſo ſilently but that ſome of the Servants gave notice thereof to the Lovers, who thereby had the opportunity of getting away before they were aſſaulted. *Don Pietro* carried *Giacintha* to an

Aunt of hers in a Monaſtery; and he, by retiring, ſecured himſelf from the Perſecution which he feared, of Juſtice. *Don Garzia*, being wounded in the moſt ſenſible part of his Soul, did fully reſolve to revenge this diſgrace by himſelf. He was ſo far from preferring his complaints to the Judges, that he ſeemed not to reſerve the leaſt ſenſe of this injury. He anſwered thoſe that ſpoke to him of it in ſuch a manner that did rather favour of ſtolidity than of revenge.

Nevertheleſs *Don Pietro* was not wanting in his due circumſpection, hoping at length by Marrying *Giacintha*, by exerciſing acts of modeſty, and by the interpoſition of time to appeaſe the implacable rage of *Don Garzia*. In the mean time, to ſhelter himſelf from Juſtice, he took Sanctuary in a little Grove belonging to a *Nunnery*, where he ſtaid the longer, becauſe in the night time, by means of the Gardner, he had the opportunity of diſcourſing with *Giacintha* through an iron-barred Window. *Don Garzia*, having intimation hereof, got admittance one Night, by the mediation of Gold, and with Sword in Hand, together with his Son, ſet upon *Don Piedro*,

dro. He, fearing to violate the privilege of the *Monaſtery*, and unwilling to hazard the lives of his intended Father and Brother-in-law, betook himſelf to flight. He was hotly purſued by *Ardelius*; wherefore to ſtop his fury, and ſave himſelf, *Don Piedro* facing about, was forced to run him into the ſide. *Ardelius* thereupon ſuddenly fell down, his Soul, together with his Bloud, expiring in the ſame moment. *Don Garzia* could not come up time enough either to ſuccour his Son, or apprehend his enemy. The daylight, diſcovering this ſad accident, raiſed up great murmurings, in ſo much as *Don Piedro*, having privately taken leave of *Giacintha*, for to ſecure himſelf, departed for *Flanders*, which is the *Aſylum* of all wicked and unfortunate men. *Don Garzia*, not being able, at preſent, to ſacrifice the bloud of *Don Piedro* to his revenge, went about to alleviate his ſorrow by tormenting the ſoul of *Giacintha*. He therefore, being very laviſh of his Gold, to bring this to effect, contrived it ſo that all the Letters of *Don Piedro* were brought to his hands. There was a Month paſt wherein *Giacintha* was tortured with the impatience of

hearing from *Don Piedro*, when one day, being at the Window with her Husband's Father, ſhe took ſome comfort in ſhewing her a Letter which came from *Barcellona*, whither *Don Piedro* went deſigning thence for *Naples*, and ſo for *Flanders*. She having haſtily unfolded the Letter found what followeth:

Dear Sir,

'Tis not without extream and hearty 'ſorrow, that I ſend you the unhappy 'News of the loſs of your Son *Signor* '*Don Piedro*. He going late out of a 'Gaming-houſe laſt Night was killed 'by many Wounds he received in his 'Breaſt; no body knowing, nor ſo much 'as ſuſpecting who ſhould be the ag-'greſſors. It grieves me that I ſhould 'write you ſo ungrateful a Letter, but 'my affection and obligation could not 'exempt me from this Office. To mor-'row he will be buried with that Solem-'nity that is due to his Birth and my 'grief. I pray God in his Mercy to 'moderate your affliction, and to give 'you that conſolation which ſuch an 'unlucky and cruel chance doth deſerve. 'You ſhall be informed of his concerns

'by

'by a better opportunity, in the mean
' time pleaſe to know that I am

Your moſt
devoted ſervant
Il Capitan Diego di Mara.

This Captain was an intimate friend of *Don Pietro*'s who went with him into *Flanders*. But the Letter was forg'd by *Don Garzia*, not only to triumph in the grief of *Giacintha*, but alſo to divert her correſpondence with *Don Piedro*; and it ſucceeded as he would have it. For *Don Piedro*, coming unto *Naples*, and finding no Letters neither from *Giacintha*, nor his Father, according as they had agreed, without ſtaying long, embarqued for *Flanders*. There, for diverſion of his troubled thoughts, he betook himſelf to Gaming and Courting of Women, in ſuch manner, that for Six Years time he neither regarded his Spouſe, nor his Country. In this *interim* the unfortunate *Giacintha* being drowned in tears, and believing that the advice of *Don Piedro*'s Death was true, made her tender affection ſubmit to hard neceſſity, by

liſting her ſelf a Nun in the ſame *Monaſtery* where ſhe had taken refuge. Here, truly humbling her ſelf, ſhe led a life more Divine than Humane. *Don Piedro*, on the other hand, being ſurfeited with the love of many, fixed his whole delight upon one only Woman who, being either more fair or more cunning than the reſt, had made her ſelf abſolute Miſtreſs of his Heart. While thus *Don Piedro* thought of bringing his amorous hopes to perfection, he ſaw them all blaſted in the wilful reſolution of his beloved who ſent him this Letter;

Signor Don Piedro,

'Your pretenſions are very troubleſome unto me. My free choice and my 'Deſtiny do both forbid me to be yours, 'I being already eſpouſed to the *Count* '*Aurelius*. And although my heart ſhall 'alway preſerve indelible the memory 'of your kind expreſſions; yet I would 'not have you, by this declaration, to 'bring the leaſt prejudice upon my ho'neſty, or my Husband's Reputation. Be

'pleas'd

'pleas'd to accept of this acknowledgment,
'which is all you can expect from

Your most humble and
most obliged Servant
Anna Maria.

This Paper did raise up the spirits of *Don Piedro* to such a pitch that he was, for some little time, beside himself. At length, coming to himself again, and believing that he could not better heal this latter Wound of Love, than by opening the former, he returned back to *Barza.*

Before he saw his own House he went to the *Nunnery* to see *Giacintha.* Under pretence of bringing her some Letters from *Flanders,* he made her be called and, giving her to understand that he was *Don Piedro,* he caused such a sudden change in her that she was ready to have fainted away. *Giacintha,* recovering this oppression of Spirit, occasioned by such surprizing joy, did presently revive her former affection, which became the more ardent for being suppreſt by the tye of Religion.

Yet

Yet this pair of Lovers thought it not difficult to obtain a Diſpenſation; ſince that the Bond of Matrimony did preeede that of Devotion, and *Giacintha* was no more at her own diſpoſal, for that ſhe had taken upon her a Religious Habit, ſuppoſing her ſelf to be freed from the obligation of Marriage by the pretended death of *Don Piedro*. They were contriving to bring about their amorous deſires to a ſucceſsful end, when *Don Garzia*, being informed of *Don Peedro*'s return, and of the entertainments he had with his Daughter, thought he had offended the Courage of his Mind by ſo long forbearance, And, aſpiring to waſh off the Stains of his Reputation by a bloudy revenge; being full of rancour, he ran to the Grates of the Monaſtery. There he found his Daughter having her hands between thoſe of *Don Piedro*, and holding a very ſtrict conference with him. His defiance, threatning, laying hand on his Sword, and mortally wounding of *Don Piedro* was all done in a trice. *Don Garzia* would in like manner have exerciſed his fury upon *Giacintha* if he had not been prevented by *Don Piedro* who, ſtrugl-

ſtrugling with approaching death, did ſo much reinforce himſelf as that, either to ſave his Beloved, or revenge himſelf, he ſtruck *Don Garzia* with a Dagger to the heart. *Don Garzia* fell down dead; and at the ſame time *Don Piedro* alſo unhappily left this life. *Giacintha*, at ſo dolorous a Spectacle, ſtood like a Stock. Tears, which do uſually, in ſome meaſure, aſſwage grief, in her did augment it. Words, which by their expreſſion do commonly make ſorrow more ſupportable, in her, by the greatneſs of the miſchief, were ſtifled before they could be uttered. Her eyes therefore not being able to behold ſo diſmal a Tragedy, and her heart not being ſtrong enough to reſiſt ſuch cruel tortures, which rob'd her in the ſame moment, both of her Father and Husband, ſeeing her loſſes to be deſperate and irrecoverable, being overcome by deadly grief, ſhe fell down to the ground, and unfortunately gave up the Ghoſt.

By this it appears, that Women, in pleaſing the inordinate appetites of their Senſes, and in diſobeying the Will and Commands of their Parents, do oftentimes

times prepare a funeral for their own, and others happineſs: and that Men, by ſtanding on the Punctilio's of Honour, and by exerciſing the deſires of revenge, do ruine the greatneſs of their Families, and leave behind them an unhappy and deplored memory to Poſterity.

The

The Argument.

Don Diego Saranda, *being diſguſted by a certain Lady, reſolves to love no more; and therefore makes it his buſineſs to rail againſt Women. Which being reproved in him by* Iſabella *he falls in love with her. And having receiv'd two kind invitations to come to her Houſe, is diverted by ſome accidents of Fire and Sword. So that, being fearful of hazarding any farther his life, he intends to quit the enterprize: but, being again encouraged by* Iſabella, *he is admitted into her Bed. Where a new occaſion of diſguſt ariſing, he departs without enjoying her.*

NOVEL IX.

DOn Diego di Saranda, a Gentleman of excellent Merit and Vertue, coming to *Genoua*, and taking a private Lodging where he might leaſt be known, began to evaporate his paſſionate Invectives in

in this manner. He that builds his hopes upon the hearts and promiſes of a Woman may boaſt of a foundation more unſtable than the Waves. *Woman*, he that had the wit to call thee *Woe man* did deſcribe but a little part of thy nature. For the precipices of thy inconſtancy, the inſatiety of thy affections, and the Helliſh torments that thou makeſt thy Lovers to endure, cannot be comprehended in the ſingle word *Woe*. He that called thee Heaven, had regard perhaps to thy Thunders and malign influences. And who ſo idolizes thee with the name of Deity, does it more in contemplation of the pride of thy Sex, and the folly of men, than of any deſert of thine. The Aſtrologers had great reaſon to make the Houſe of Women common with that of domeſtick enemies, and to place the Houſe of Death near to that of a Wife: for you betray with your ſmiles, entrap by your tears, and kill with your wantonneſs.

Enough, no more, *Signor Don Diego*, for God's ſake, replied a Lady, interrupting him, that was very well known unto him, whom we, out of reſpect to her Quality, will call by the borrowed name of *Iſabella*. It misbecomes all men, continued

tinued ſhe, to reproach the Female Sex, which, though naturally it be more weak, yet is it more noble than that of yours. He that rails at Woman-kind, either doth not know their Merit, or is unworthy to be acquainted with it. Gentlemen, like you, ought to draw their Swords againſt thoſe that ſcandalize Women, and not to arm their tongues with injurious words againſt the reputation of thoſe who have contributed to their Being.

Madam, anſwered *Don Diego*, my grief tyrannizing over my tongue, hath made me utter ſome odd conceits which though they are the product of anger, yet are they not the offspring of falſhood: But I neither can, nor will diſpute this matter with you, becauſe neither my modeſty, nor the reſpect I owe you will permit it. But if you had had that experience of a man, that I have met with in a Woman, ſure I am you would wiſh for a tongue of Thunder and Lightning that might ſtrike dead and reduce all Mankind into Aſhes; and would exclaim againſt Dame Nature for neceſſitating you to obey ſo odious a ſubject.

Tell me, I pray you (ſaid *Iſabella* again) the injury that hath thus excited your

your hatred againſt Women. Certainly it ought to be very great ſeeing it extorts from you revenge even againſt thoſe alſo that have not in the leaſt offended you.

In anſwer to this *Don Diego* ſays, I will give you a brief relation of my dolorous adventures, becauſe I am ſure thereby to obtain both compaſſion to my malady, and excuſe for my hatred againſt Women. It is now almoſt five years ſince I firſt dedicated my affection unto a certain beautiful and noble Lady. This Lady ſeeming to accept of my love, made me ſo proud that I ſcornfully deſpiſed all other amours; and you, Madam, can be my witneſs herein, ſeeing I continually refuſed the favour of your love, declaring that my ambition was rather to languiſh for the love of one, than to enjoy the correſpondence of a thouſand others. Seeing that my moſt humble ſervice was not unpleaſing to her, after a long and faithful attendance I ſued for the reward unto which Lovers do conſtantly aſpire. There followed many delays masked under the pretences of Honour and Caution, when no longer ago than yeſterday, I received a challenge to meet

meet my ſweet Miſtreſs, at night in *Venus* field. I am not able to tell you my unſpeakable conſolation. I as earneſtly deſired the ſetting of the Sun, as Batts and Owls do deſire darkneſs. I came to the appointed place and gave the ſign preſcribed me; but was anſwered by nothing but mocks and ſcoffs, upbraiding my credulity in believing that a Lady of her eſteem ſhould proſtrate her Honour to a Lover; and yet, with theſe eyes, I beheld her Gallant triumphing in my ſcorn, and, with his arms about her Neck, deriding my Love and Conſtancy. *Don Diego* did aggravate theſe paſſages with ſo much paſſion, that *Iſabella*, taking pity of him, broke off his Story ſaying. And now *Signor Don Diego*, why do you blame the Female Sex if, by the ill placing of your affections, you have met with deriſion inſtead of reward? You ſhould lay the blame on her that offended you, and not include in a particular injury a general revenge againſt thoſe that are innocent. Without doubt you are wholly in the fault who, by neglecting the advantages offered you, have indiſcreetly fled from her that loved you, and blindly purſued her that hated

ed you. This *Don Diego* is a Judgment from Heaven. Acknowledge it, and repent, for it is always good to change Counſels, when you may reap profit thereby. I am the ſame that ever I was, and as I have long ſet a great value upon your merit; ſo I will endeavour all I can to recompence it.

If I did believe, anſwered *Don Diego*, that my blind conſtancy did not make me unworthy of your favour, I would muſter up all my Spirits, and ſacrifice the whole ſtrength of my heart unto your Beauty; and by my paſt ardors you may gueſs how fervent my future love will he.

'Tis enough, *Don Diego*, reply'd *Iſabella*. I am yours, and you ſhall always find me ſo. Your paſt averſion hath but refin'd my affection. If this Night you will put on the Habit of a Gardner, and come to my Houſe, I will make you to know that Women are not at all blameworthy; and that the defect is in Men who love without diſtinction, as being guided more by Paſſion than Diſcretion.

Having thus ſpoken, ſhe left *Don Diego*, I know not whether more joyful

of

of his new Adventure, or fearful of ſome new misfortune. For, calling to mind his late ſlighting of this Lady, he thought it impoſſible ſhe ſhould preſerve ſo much kindneſs for him as that, inſtead of revenge, ſhe ſhould beſtow upon him thoſe favours, which are the the reward of long and faithful ſervices, and a loving correſpondence. But his ſenſual appetite prevailing above all other conſiderations, he went, as ſoon as 'twas Night, to the Houſe of *Iſabella*. She received him moſt affectionately, and afterwards conducted him, unſeen, into a Ground-room which, by a back pair of Stairs, did lead into her own Chamber. Here ſhe pray'd him to diſpence with ſtaying a little, till her Maidens (who were naturally prying into theſe kind of ſecrets) being retired, might give a better opportunity for their amorous Theſts. After this *Iſabella*, thinking it long e'er ſhe were with *Don Diego*, feigned her ſelf not very well, whereupon ſhe diſmiſſed her Servants, and allowed ſome time for their going to ſleep. In the mean time *Don Diego*, thinking every moment that did delay his ſatisfaction to be very tedious, did be-

believe that he was betrayed. He ſaw the Room, where he was, beſieged by enraging flames; and it ſeemed to him that the Fire did upbraid his incontinency and, by the purity of its ardor, threatened to extinguiſh the impurity of his deſires. And the rather, for that there came in to his mind the paſt ill opinions he had of Women, and he perſwaded himſelf that this was a trick put upon him by *Iſabella*, which indeed was but a meer accident. The Servants had careleſly left fire in the next Room which, having lain hid a Day and a Night, broke out with ſo much fury that the poor lover was near being ſacrificed. He would have cried out, but he durſt not for fear (being found in that place) of being kill'd either as a Thief or an Adulterer. He tryed to get out but could not, *Iſabella* having ſecured him by faſt locking of the Door. His fear was increaſed by the confuſed noiſe of thoſe in the Houſe who cryed out Fire, Fire, and hearing them already ask for the Key of his Chamber, he knew not what excuſe to make to thoſe that ſhould find him there. But his danger did not admit of long conſultation, ſince he already

eady began to feel the difference be-
ween the elementary and imaginary
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ink himſelf of any pretence that might
rve to cover his guiltineſs. He was
ſome meaſure refreſhed by the com-
g of *Iſabella* who, taking him by the
and, haſtily drew him (trembling) out
y the ſame private way that he went
, ſaying to him, *Don Diego* you are
ery unfortunate in your amours, ſeeing
hat the Houſe is on fire. I do not
ow wonder at other Women for hav-
g refuſed you. Get you among the
Crowd of thoſe that run to the fire,
hat ſo you may go away uneſpied;
nd we will order our buſineſs better
r the future. This ſucceeded happily
Don Diego; for he, making as if he
ere drawn thither by the noiſe, hav-
g put off the Gardners Coat, did
anfully aſſiſt in putting out the fire,
hich without his help would certainly
ave dilated its Violences much farther.
fter this he received publick Thanks

from

from *Iſabella* who, in very affectionate and reſpectful terms, did expreſs her own Gratitude, and her Husbands obligation unto him. *Don Diego* departed more enamoured than before, his inordinate affection gaining ſtrength by this accidental oppoſition; ſo that he continued to give freſh teſtimonies of his reſpects towards *Iſabella* who, being deſirous to bring her amorous practice to perfection, ſent him the following Letter:

My Dear,

'It behoved me to moderate the ardency of my affection in the preſence of 'my Husband. He is newly gone into 'the Country, and I do in this Paper en'cloſe my heart to you. If the Fire of 'our Houſe hath not extinguiſhed that 'of your Breaſt I ſhall expect you a'bout the Third Hour of the Night. 'deſire that you would diſguiſe your'ſelf under the Habit of *Auſtin* my Ser'vant, and ſo by help of the Key 'herewith ſent you, you may enter the 'Houſe without any the leaſt ſuſpicion

'I

'In the mean time pleaſe to accept of 'her Services who profeſſes her ſelf to 'be

Your moſt devoted and
obliged Servant.
Iſabella.

Don Diego, upon the receipt of this Letter, thought himſelf in Heaven; wherefore his reading and kiſſing it over and over, and the putting of it up in his Boſom were the leaſt demonſtrations of his joyful affection. After this, taking Pen and Paper, he ſent this anſwer:

My dear heart,

'I, being equally confounded by the 'greatneſs of your favour, and the ſmall-'neſs of my deſert, cannot tell how to 'expreſs my obligations. I will come, 'in the ſilent time of the Night, and 'ſacrifice my heart unto you. I have 'nothing more valuable, nor more pro-'portionable to my deſire, and Love it 'ſelf

'ſelf pretends to no more. It is great rea-
'ſon that I ſhould transform my ſelf into
'the likeneſs of what I ſhall always be,

Your moſt humble, and moſt
obliged Servant
Don Diego.

At length the Night came that was ſo often called upon by him, whereupon, in the Diſguiſe, and at the hour appointed he went to the Houſe of *Iſabella*. He was near opening the Door when he ſaw himſelf aſſaulted by four Men who, with Cudgels in their hands, began to bang him ſoundly. Theſe were ſome debauched Youths who, having been affronted (as they pretended) by *Auſtin*, did there lye in wait to beat him, and taking *Don Diego*, by his Clothes, to be *Auſtin*, they did ſorely rib-baſte him. *Don Diego*, not being us'd to take blows, drew out a Piſtol, and, diſcharging it, lightly wounded one of them in the ſide. He would have returned his ſalute with a kind of ſhort Gun which, if it had taken fire, would certainly have cooled *Don Diego*'s hot deſire. The reſt

of

of the aggreſſors did likewiſe diſcharge their Piſtols at *Don Diego* but, by great chance, none of them did hit him. Yet he had fallen a Sacrifice to their anger (for they had all thrown away their Sticks and drawn their Swords) if *Iſabella*, crying aloud out at a Window, had not haſtned all the men in her Houſe to ſuccour him that was aſſaulted; whereupon theſe young Men, fearing to be known and not being willing to venture any further, ran all away, and gave *Don Diego* the opportunity of retiring, who, being unwilling that the pleaſures of his Senſe ſhould any longer triumph in the dangers of his life, wrote to *Iſabella* as followeth:

Madam,

'Fortune having always been my 'Foe, doth oblige me to take new mea-'ſures, unleſs I ſhould have a mind un-'fortunately to end my days. He that 'will not take warning from Fire and 'Sword deſerves to be deſtroyed by 'Thunder, which my raſhneſs is not

'ſo forward as to provoke; nor do I 'ſuppoſe that your Love would have 'me ſubjected to the Wrath of Heaven. 'And as I ſhall always rejoice in the 'thoughts of being your ſervant, ſo I 'will never cancel the obligation you 'have laid upon me. Do not condemn '(O Fair Lady) that heart which, be-'cauſe it is humane, is awfully over-'ruled by Divine Prodigies. To rebel 'againſt the Government of Heaven is 'not proper for one that is a Slave to 'Love, and that thinks his happineſs 'depends upon the Starry influence of 'his Miſtreſſes eyes. Yet, in my heart, 'I will unalterably preſerve the great 'eſteem I have for your Merit, and the 'favour ſhewed to

Your moſt obliged and moſt
faithful Servant
D. Diego.

Upon the receit of this Letter *Iſabella* ſaw that her hopes were turning into deſpair. She knew that Carnal Appetites grew more violent for being inter-

interrupted, wherefore ſhe believed that the excuſes of *Don Diego* proceeded rather from want of love, than for fear. At length ſhe returned him this following medley of Love, Jealouſie, Anger and Reproof, *Viz.*

Sir,

'Tis no wonder that you meet with 'ſuch ill ſucceſs in your Amours, ſince 'that Fortune hates the puſillanimous, 'and loves the couragious. The enjoy-'ments of Love are not attained to with-'out labour and danger. He that prog-'noſticates evil to himſelf deſerves to 'have it; and the fear of Predictions 'doth often facilitate their acceſs. Yet 'I, who am acquainted with the gene-'roſity of your heart, and the greatneſs 'of your Spirit, cannot think you will 'be frighted at Chimera's and Bug-'Bears which do frighten (and that but 'ſeldom too) none but Women and 'Children. He is no true Lover that can 'change at every Chance; and it argues 'a debaſed mind to be eaſily overcome

'by difficulties. But your Valour may 'be abuſed by the encouragement of a 'Woman, who though her Sex be weak-'er, yet her Love is ſtronger than yours.

'This Evening by means of the Revel-'lings that are to be at my Houſe, you 'may go into my Chamber, and ſhut 'your ſelf in the Cloſet which you will 'find left open for that purpoſe. I hope 'this Night to make you know that 'the ſoft pleaſures of Love are ſweet-'ned by hazards and hardſhips. In the 'mean time preſerve me as I am

Your moſt cordial Lover
and Servant
Iſabella.

In reading of this Letter *Don Diego* felt in himſelf a great conturbation of Spirit. The Beautys of *Iſabella* which, by gentle reproofs, did ſue for his Love, did make the greateſt danger ſeem contemptible unto him; but the accidental encounters of Fire and Sword did confirm in him his reflections on Reaſon and Prudence. At laſt, Sence got the

the upper hand, and made him reſolve that, poſtponing all other conſiderations, he would for the ſake of *Iſabella*, and to pleaſe his own inclinations, expoſe himſelf to the moſt imminent perils. And though his mind miſgave him, promiſing him no good effect in this Affair; yet he was reſolute in performing it, and went and ſhut himſelf unſeen, into *Iſabellas* Cloſet. Here he ſtay'd a long time, expecting her with extraordinary impatience, and did often reprove or approve his deſign, according to the various dictates of Senſe and Reaſon. After a great while *Iſabella* came and, with a multitude of ſweet Kiſſes, raviſhed the heart of *Don Diego*, in ſuch ſort that, being intoxicated with theſe delicious endearments, he clear forgot all his paſt misfortunes. *Iſabella* for to attain the deſired end of all Lovers, began to undreſs, deſiring *Don Diego* to do the like. He, in obeying her, pray'd her to ſhut the Chamber-door, that none of her Maidens, who are wont to watch over their Miſtreſſes actions, might perceive them. Let me alone for that, ſaid *Iſabella*, you are a very cau-

tious and fearful Lover. I, that hazard my Life, my Eſtate, and my good Name, do think of nothing but of ſerving you, and you, by needleſs circumſpections, do imbitter the ſweetneſs of our affections. I ſee how pure your Love is, that hath a mixture of ſo much fear. *Don Diego* bluſht at theſe words and, without reply, ſtripping all off, he went into Bed.

At the ſame time *Iſabella* had likewiſe put off her Cloaths, but inſtead of running into the Embraces of *Don Diego*, who lay with open arms impatiently expecting her, ſhe went to a little Side-Table, for to ſet up and accommodate a Mouſe-Trapp. And were it either for making too much haſte, or ſomething elſe that happened amiſs, ſhe let the wyer that held up the trap fall ſeveral times from her hand. *Don Diego*'s Patience being worn out in attendance, and fearing that ſome Servant might come at the clattering of that noiſe, ſaid, Madam, what are you doing? Why do you ſpend ſo much precious time in vain? Are thoſe amorous deſires cooled that were ſo ardent in you a little while ago?

To

To which *Iſabella* anſwered, My Dear, who ſo is not a true Enemy, cannot be a true Friend. I muſt revenge me of a certain Mouſe that has done me a thouſand injuries; and more eſpecially the laſt Night did gnaw me a Peach which for its goodlineſs, and for the Perſons ſake that gave it was much valued by me.

Why then, replied *Don Diego*, will you let a Lover languiſh while you take revenge of a poor Mouſe? Pray lay aſide revenging, and let us fall to loving. And then again he renewed his inſtances, that ſhe would leave the Trap, and come to Bed.

But *Iſabella* being obſtinate, and making as if ſhe did not hear him, he became highly incenſed. Whereupon his paſſed fears being awakened, and being alſo afraid that the Noiſe might call ſome of her Servants thither, he ſaid,

Madam Iſabella,

'Since that you had rather entrap a ſilly

'ſilly Mouſe, than oblige a Lover; I 'alſo will now let my Reaſon pre-'vail over my Senſe, and will no 'longer beſtow my affection upon one 'who prefers an inconſiderable Revenge 'before it.

Whereunto *Iſabella* anſwering nothing, he, haſtily putting on ſome, and making a bundle of the reſt of his Clothes, departed the Chamber, and ſo went out of the Houſe, looking afterwards upon *Iſabella* with a very indifferent Eye. She therefore either deſpiſing this his reſolution, or recanting the too much indulgence of her own inclination, cared no more for him.

Such

Such is the mutability of humane affections. Whereupon we may conclude that the minds of Women are many times inconſtant, and ſometimes overcome by diſhoneſty and revenge: and that no wiſe men ought ever to adventure their Lives in the vain purſuit of unlawful pleaſures, or ſenſual enjoyments.

FINIS.